

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

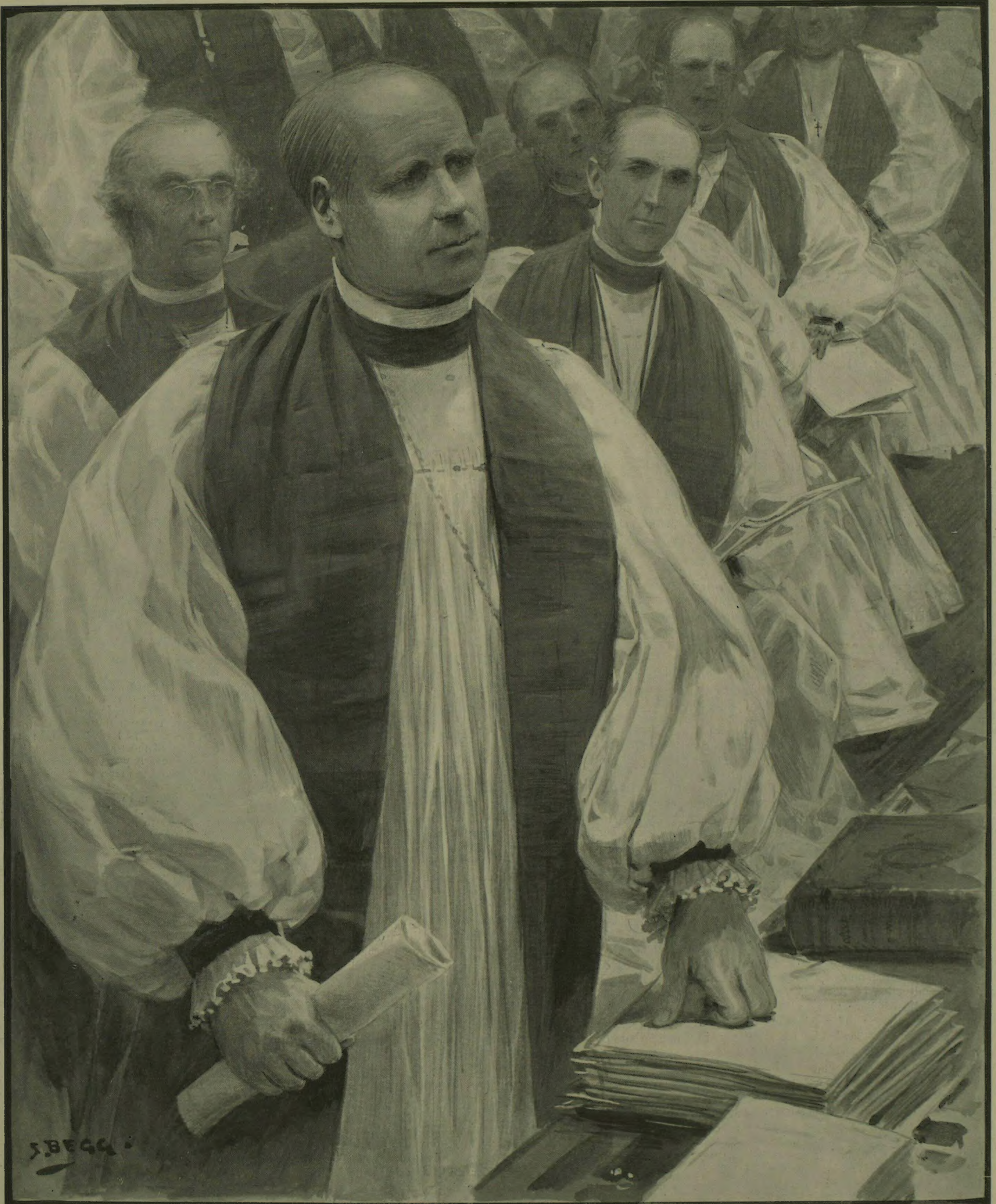
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SIXPENCE.

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Archbishop of York.

Archbishop of Canterbury.

Bishop of London.

LAWN SLEEVES AGAINST THE EDUCATION BILL: THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY CRITICISING THE MEASURE IN THE LORDS.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

When Clause I. of the Education Bill reached the House of Lords on October 29, Lord Heneage moved that no school should be recognised as a public elementary school unless some part of its day's routine were set apart for religious teaching. The Archbishop of Canterbury supported the amendment, which was carried by a majority of 200.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

I HAVE received a serious, and to me, at any rate, an impressive remonstrance from the Scottish Patriotic Association. It appears that in a recent excursus in these columns I referred to Edward VII. of Great Britain and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, under the horrible description of the King of England. The Scottish Patriotic Association draws my attention to the fact that by the provisions of the Act of Union, and the tradition of nationality, the monarch should be referred to as the King of Britain. The blow thus struck at me is particularly wounding because it is particularly unjust. I believe in the reality of the independent nationalities under the British Crown much more passionately and positively than any other educated Englishman of my acquaintance believes in it. I am quite certain that Scotland is a nation; I am quite certain that nationality is the key of Scotland; I am quite certain that all our success with Scotland has been due to the fact that we have in spirit treated it as a nation. I am quite certain that Ireland is a nation; I am quite certain that nationality is the key to Ireland; I am quite certain that all our failure in Ireland arose from the fact that we would not in spirit treat it as a nation. It would be difficult to find, even among the innumerable examples that exist, a stronger example of the immensely superior importance of sentiment to what is called practicality than this case of the two sister nations. It is not that we have encouraged a Scotchman to be rich; it is not that we have encouraged a Scotchman to be active; it is not that we have encouraged a Scotchman to be free. It is that we have quite definitely encouraged a Scotchman to be Scotch.

A vague, but vivid impression was received from all our writers of history, philosophy, and rhetoric that the Scottish element was something really valuable in itself, was something which even Englishmen were forced to recognise and respect. If we ever admitted the beauty of Ireland, it was as something which might be loved by an Englishman, but which could hardly be respected even by an Irishman. A Scotchman might be proud of Scotland; it was enough for an Irishman that he could be fond of Ireland. Our success with the two nations has been exactly proportioned to our encouragement of their independent national emotion; the one that we would not treat nationally has alone produced Nationalists. The one nation that we would not recognise as a nation in theory is the one that we have been forced to recognise as a nation in arms. The Scottish Patriotic Association has no need to draw my attention to the importance of the separate national sentiment or the need of keeping the Border as a sacred line. The case is quite sufficiently proved by the positive history of Scotland. The place of Scottish loyalty to England has been taken by English admiration of Scotland. They do not need to envy us our titular leadership, when we seem to envy them their separation.

I wish to make very clear my entire sympathy with the national sentiment of the Scottish Patriotic Association. But I wish also to make clear this very enlightening comparison between the fate of Scotch and of Irish patriotism. In life it is always the little facts that express the large emotions, and if the English once respected Ireland as they respect Scotland it would come out in a hundred small ways. For instance, there are crack regiments in the British Army which wear the kilt—the kilt which, as Macaulay says with perfect truth, was regarded by nine Scotchmen out of ten as the dress of a thief. The Highland officers carry a silver-hilted version of the old barbarous Gaelic broadsword with a basket-hilt, which split the skulls of so many English soldiers at Killiecrankie and Prestonpans. When you have a regiment of men in the British Army carrying ornamental silver shillelaghs you will have done the same thing for Ireland, and not before—or when you mention Brian Boru with the same intonation as Bruce.

Let me be considered therefore to have made quite clear that I believe with a quite special intensity in the independent consideration of Scotland and Ireland as apart from England. I believe that, in the proper sense of the words, Scotland is an independent nation, even if Edward VII. is the King of Scotland. I believe that, in the proper sense of words, Ireland is an independent nation, even if Edward VII. is King of Ireland. But the fact is that I have an even bolder and wilder belief than either of these. I believe that England is an independent nation. I believe that England also has its independent colour and history, and meaning. I believe that England could produce costumes quite as queer as the kilt; I believe that England has heroes fully as untranslatable as Brian Boru, and consequently I believe that Edward VII. is, among his innumerable other functions, really King of England. If my Scotch friends insist, let us call it one of his quite obscure, unpopular, and minor titles; one of his relaxations. A little while ago he was Duke of Cornwall; but for a family accident he might still have been King of Hanover. Nor do I think that we should blame the

simple Cornish men if they spoke of him in a rhetorical moment by his Cornish title, nor the well-meaning Hanoverians if they classed him with Hanoverian Princes.

Now it so happens that in the passage complained of I said the King of England merely because I meant the King of England. I was speaking strictly and especially of English Kings, of Kings in the tradition of the old Kings of England. I wrote as an English nationalist keenly conscious of the sacred boundary of the Tweed that keeps (or used to keep) our ancient enemies at bay. I wrote as an English nationalist resolved for one wild moment to throw off the tyranny of the Scotch and Irish who govern and oppress my country. I felt that England was at least spiritually guarded against these surrounding nationalities. I dreamed that the Tweed was guarded by the ghosts of Scopes and Percys; I dreamed that St. George's Channel was guarded by St. George. And in this insular security I spoke deliberately and specifically of the King of England, of the representative of the Tudors and Plantagenets. It is true that the two Kings of England of whom I especially spoke, Charles II. and George III., had both an alien origin, not very recent and not very remote. Charles II. came of a family originally Scotch. George III. came of a family originally German. But the same, so far as that goes, could be said of the English royal houses when England stood quite alone. The Plantagenets were originally a French family. The Tudors were originally a Welsh family. But I was not talking of the amount of English sentiment in the English Kings. I was talking of the amount of English sentiment in the English treatment and popularity of the English Kings. With that Ireland and Scotland have nothing whatever to do.

Charles II. may, for all I know, have not only been King of Scotland; he may, by virtue of his temper and ancestry, have been a Scotch King of Scotland. There was something Scotch about his combination of clear-headedness with sensuality. There was something Scotch about his combination of doing what he liked with knowing what he was doing. But I was not talking of the personality of Charles, which may have been Scotch. I was talking of the popularity of Charles, which was certainly English. One thing is quite certain: whether or no he ever ceased to be a Scotch man, he ceased as soon as he conveniently could to be a Scotch King. He had actually tried the experiment of being a national ruler north of the Tweed, and his people liked him as little as he liked them. Of Presbyterianism, of the Scottish religion, he left on record the exquisitely English judgment that it was "no religion for a gentleman." His popularity then was purely English; his royalty was purely English; and I was using the words with the utmost narrowness and deliberation when I spoke of this particular popularity and royalty as the popularity and royalty of a King of England. I said of the English people specially that they like to pick up the King's crown when he has dropped it. I do not feel at all sure that this does apply to the Scotch or the Irish. I think that the Irish would knock his crown off for him. I think that the Scotch would keep it for him after they had picked it up.

For my part, I should be inclined to adopt quite the opposite method of asserting nationality. Why should good Scotch nationalists call Edward VII. the King of Britain? They ought to call him King Edward I. of Scotland. What is Britain? Where is Britain? There is no such place. There never was a nation of Britain; there never was a King of Britain; unless perhaps Vortigern or Uther Pendragon had a taste for the title. If we are to develop our Monarchy, I should be altogether in favour of developing it along the line of local patriotism and of local proprietorship in the King. I think that the Londoners ought to call him the King of London, and the Liverpudlians ought to call him the King of Liverpool. I do not go so far as to say that the people of Birmingham ought to call Edward VII. the King of Birmingham; for that would be high treason to a holier and more established power. But I think we might read in the papers: "The King of Brighton left Brighton at half-past two this afternoon," and then immediately afterwards, "The King of Worthing entered Worthing at ten minutes past three." Or, "The people of Margate bade a reluctant farewell to the popular King of Margate this morning," and then, "His Majesty the King of Ramsgate returned to his country and capital this afternoon after his long sojourn in strange lands." It might be pointed out that by a curious coincidence the departure of the King of Oxford occurred a very short time before the triumphal arrival of the King of Reading. I cannot imagine any method which would more increase the kindly and normal relations between the Sovereign and his people. Nor do I think that such a method would be in any sense a depreciation of the royal dignity; for, as a matter of fact, it would put the King upon the same platform with the gods. The saints, the most exalted of human figures, were also the most local. It was exactly the men whom we most easily connected with heaven whom we also most easily connected with earth.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE VIRGIN GODDESS." AT THE ADELPHI.

THERE is no doubt about it, notwithstanding the second-rate quality of the verse: in "The Virgin Goddess," an essay in that most difficult of forms, classical tragedy, Mr. Rudolph Besier, a hitherto unknown dramatist, has succeeded in writing a play that has dignity of theme, swiftness of movement, clash of passion, and singular architectonic merit—a really splendid play that marches boldly, unswervingly, to the sombre end, with all the inexorableness of destiny. With its story of heroic crime and implacable Nemesis, with its picture of a beleaguered city threatened by the treachery of a ruler, to kill whom seems truest patriotism, Mr. Besier's work suggests comparisons with "Pour la Couronne," but its austere severity of tone has little in common with the flamboyant romance and sentiment of M. Coppée's Hugoesque tragedy. In externals the new playwright follows the conventions of the Greek drama, and preserves its unities. His action, though he drops his curtain twice, extends over but a few hours, and is continuous. His scene, the exterior of a temple of Artemis in the goddess's own city of Artis, remains one and the same. The motive, certainly, which prompts his hero, an exiled patriot vowed to celibate service of Artemis, to murder his craven brother, the King, is not clearly set out at first, but the very gradualness of Mr. Besier's revelation of the fact that the real, but unconscious cause of Hephæstion's fratricide was not love of Artis, but love of its Queen, Althea, actually increases the play's dramatic appeal. Sticklers for classical propriety may object to the intrusion of romantic passion as the central theme of a Hellenic tragedy, just as sentimentalists may resent a conclusion which forces the hero to kill his beloved Queen as a sacrifice to the goddess's jealousy, and live on mournfully himself in the city his sacrifice has saved. But if Mr. Besier must use the Greek model—as he does, even to the employment of a chorus—it is well he should pour new wine into old bottles, while his denying his hero death is the most original and convincingly tragic feature of his drama. The interpretation at the Adelphi is worthy of a company that includes some of our stage's finest elocutionists. Miss Geneviève Ward's acting in the rôle of a blind but clairvoyant Queen-mother proves her once more (who can forget her Volumnia?) to be our only great tragédienne. Mr. Oscar Asche's impersonation of the distraught hero, whom he makes rather too barbaric in aspect, is throughout impressive, and has some superb moments of power and pathos. Miss Lily Brayton's Althea possesses majesty, charm, and fervour, and is fairly free from this actress's besetting sin of monotonous diction. And every member of the cast, including Mr. Hampden, an admirable Choragus, brings such enthusiasm to bear on the play as helps to conceal those perilous lapses which here, as always, attend on any young author's efforts after the sublime.

"THE CHARITY THAT BEGAN AT HOME." AT THE COURT.

Mr. St. John Hankin is blest with so real an instinct for comedy, and so happy a knack of making his characters talk and act naturally, that he might be forgiven more grievous offences than the rather thin story of misplaced benevolence, the rather ugly sub-plot of a maid-servant's undoing, and even the apparently sympathetic sketch of a cashiered officer and ex-forgery, who is permitted to make love to an innocent girl, which go to make up the clever author's new Court play, "The Charity that Began at Home." It is the ex-forgery's almost entrapping his hostess's daughter into marriage that provokes one's resentment; otherwise Mr. Hankin's main idea of a young crank's persuading a wealthy middle-aged lady of his acquaintance that the duty of hospitality is to invite not the guests who please but the guests who displease and weary, is worked by the dramatist to admirable comic purpose. His Lady Denison is thus surrounded with a company of most appalling and therefore amusing bores, and one only protests when the poor lady's girl-child seems resolved to marry the blackguardly ex-officer. The talk, however, of these various oddities and undesirables is very diverting, and will prove more so at subsequent matinées of the piece, if certain members of the Court cast can be persuaded to raise their voices above drawing-room pitch and to play their scenes with more briskness and spirit. Still, Mr. Dennis Eadie, quite delightful as a prosy old General who will enlarge to everybody on his past achievements; Miss Florence Haydon, whose portrait of the lethargic, good-natured Lady Denison may be judged altogether perfect; and Mr. Ben Webster, who plays with great tact the ungrateful part of the fascinating blackguard, are among those of Mr. Hankin's interpreters who deserve unstinted praise.

"THE MERVEILLEUSES." AT DALY'S.

Congratulations are due to Mr. George Edwardes on his having the courage to lift the musical play on to a higher level. In his new production at Daly's, "The Merveilleuses," which owes its plot to M. Sardou and its English libretto to Mr. Basil Hood, and boasts a composer of real distinction in Dr. Hugo Felix, there is a distinct improvement alike of story and of score, while all the better features of musical comedy, its witty lyrics, here as usual contributed by Mr. Adrian Ross, its touch-and-go vivacity, its bevy of pretty damsels, and its gorgeous costumes, are still happily preserved. The period of which this comedy-opera treats is the latter days of the French Revolution, a period in which certain ladies of fashion became conspicuous by extravagance of dress; these "Merveilleuses" are, of course, an excuse at Daly's for frocks of exceptional elaborateness and beauty. M. Sardou's story, which is just romantic enough, turns on the adventures of an aristocratic refugee whose wife, acting on the great Barras's principles that, as a traitor is a dead man, his spouse is a widow, has made a second marriage with the autocrat's secretary. But the most charming element of the new entertainment at Daly's is Dr. Felix's music—music that is light and yet dainty, melodious and yet never cheap; and the composer,



moreover, has had the skill not only to write brilliant choruses and concerted numbers, but to devise just the right sort of gay chansonnets that suit the respective talents of individual performers. There are engaging ditties and ballads for Mlle. Mariette Sully (the "Cuckoo Song"), Miss Denise Orme ("So Sorry"), Miss Evie Greene ("Tirahira"), Mr. Bradfield ("The Merveilleuses Brigade"), and Mr. Evett ("Ilyrine") which are sure to take the town; and all these favourites, and Mr. Fred Kaye, Mr. Emney, and (in place of Mr. Graves, unfortunately ill) Mr. W. H. Berry, besides, have been afforded good parts, and act and sing and dance with refreshing energy. "The Merveilleuses," indeed, deserves to be the greatest of all Mr. Edwardes's successes at Daly's.

#### "COLONEL NEWCOME" AGAIN AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

That Mr. Tree has been missed during his absence from his own theatre was evident from the enthusiasm which greeted his return last Monday night, when he revived at His Majesty's Mr. Michael Morton's agreeable adaptation of "The Newcomes," and himself again presented one of the most elaborately finished of all his character-studies, Colonel Newcome. Once more, thanks to Thackeray, the actor drew tears from his audience's eyes by his unexaggerated treatment of the Colonel's pathetic death scene. Certain changes have been made in the cast of the play since its first production, Miss Marion Terry, Mrs. Tree, and Miss Lilian Braithwaite being all out of the bill, but the substitutes are efficient, and happily Mr. Basil Gill, Mr. Sidney Brough, Mr. Lyn Harding, Mr. Norman Forbes, and Miss Bateman are able to resume their original rôles. There seems still plenty of vitality in "Colonel Newcome."

#### "MAN AND SUPERMAN" REVIVED AT THE COURT.

Woman the inveterate huntress and man her eternal quarry are the topics which this week have replaced the Irish question at the Court Theatre. One hastens to add that Mr. Bernard Shaw is the author who discusses these questions, for our public has quite made up its mind by this time that Mr. Shaw's name is a guarantee of amusement. In other words, then, "John Bull's Other Island" has made way for "Man and Superman," a play that, for all its high-sounding Nietzschean title and its Schopenhauerian philosophy, is just a very pleasant light comedy in which a charming woman is seen capturing an amusing young misogynist. In the present revival Miss Lillah McCarthy and Mr. Granville Barker once more play with infinite humour the parts of the huntress and her victim, Mr. Edmund Gwenn is still the incomparable chauffeur, and Miss Grace Lane makes a welcome addition to the cast.

### PARLIAMENT.

A COLOURED gentleman in a purple robe startled the House of Commons by announcing from the Strangers' Gallery that he came from Almighty God. Otherwise the discussion on the Plural Voting Bill afforded little incident. Sir Edward Carson declared that Ministerialists were inebriated with the exuberance of their own taciturnity. The Bill was not the Bill of a statesman, but the Bill of a sneak. Mr. Balfour complained that under the Bill an offender would be deprived of all civil rights for seven years, and would be placed in a worse position than a South African traitor. The Bill, however, made substantial progress in spite of many amendments.

Interest centred chiefly in the House of Lords and the Education Bill. The Archbishop of Canterbury headed the attack, pointing out, for instance, that no indication had been given as to how the million of money was to be spent. The amendments which he would support would in no sense be wrecking amendments, but some definite provision must be made to secure that the elementary schools must not be secularised, and that the teaching of religion should be given by teachers trained for the purpose, who meant what they said. They must also recognise the work of those who, with untold devotion, had built up denominational schools in great towns alongside Board Schools. He deplored the fact that the Nonconformist leaders were not present in the House of Lords. The Earl of Crewe agreed to postpone the operation of the Act for another six months. Lord Emly made a violent speech against Mr. Lloyd-George, revolutionaries, infidelity, atheism and materialism, and accused Mr. John Morley of plagiarising his illustrious masters, Robespierre and Danton. The first division was taken on an amendment by Lord Heneage, who moved that no school should be recognised as a public elementary school unless some portion of the school hours every day was set apart for the purposes of religious instruction. This was supported by the Primate and Lord Lansdowne, who declared that the amendment allowed a kind of foundation upon which a structure could be built up when they came to the subsequent clauses of the Bill. The Government refused to accept the amendment, which, however, was carried by 256 votes to 56.

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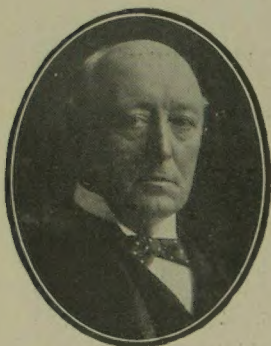
QUEEN'S HALL. ALBERT SPALDING. Symphony Concerts (Under the direction of N. Vert). Nov. 13, at 8.30. Nov. 28, at 3. Dec. 14, at 8.30.

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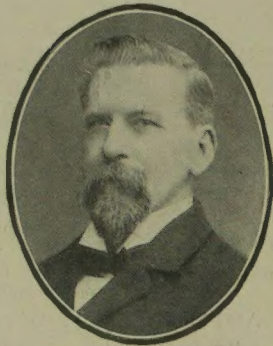


## A ROYAL COMMISSION.



VISCOUNT SELBY  
(Chairman).

Viscount Selby was better known as the Right Hon. William Court Gully, Speaker of the House of Commons from 1895 to 1905. He was Member of Parliament for Carlisle.



DR. GEORGE WILSON.

Dr. George Wilson brings to the Commission great experience as a physician. A tenth commissioner, whose portrait was not procurable, is Mr. Mackenzie Dalzell Chalmers, Under-Secretary at the Home Office.



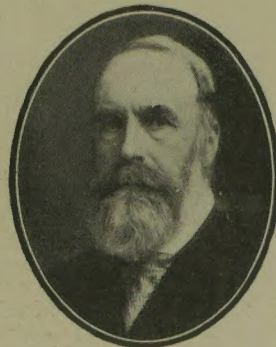
THE MEETING-PLACE OF THE COMMISSION,  
6, CHAPEL PLACE, WESTMINSTER.

## A NEW FRENCH OPERA.



SIR WILLIAM JOB  
COLLINS, M.D.

Sir William Collins was educated at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, where he was Assistant Demonstrator in Anatomy. He is Surgeon to the Royal Eye Hospital, and was President of Medico-Legal Society.



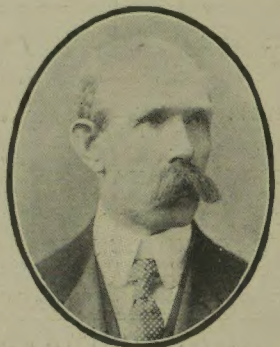
SIR WILLIAM SELBY  
CHURCH, M.D.

Sir William Selby Church is a former President of the Royal College of Physicians. He is M.D. and D.Sc. of Oxford. He was educated at Harrow and at University College, Oxford.



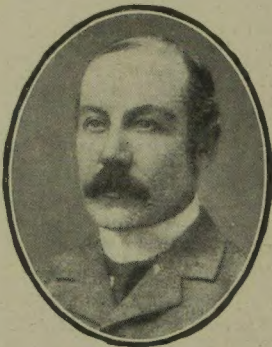
MR. ABEL JOHN RAM, K.C.

Mr. Ram has been Recorder of Wolverhampton since 1900. He was educated at Corpus Christi, Oxford, where he took honours in Classics and Natural Science. He is an Inner Temple Bench.



SIR JOHN MACFADYEAN.

Sir John MacFadyean is Principal and Professor of Comparative Pathology at the Royal Veterinary College, Camden Town. He is Bachelor of Medicine, Bachelor of Science, and M.R.C.V.S.



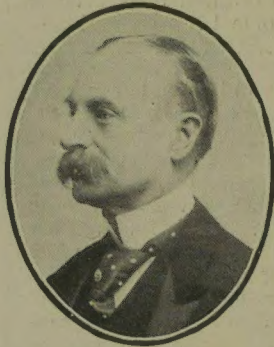
MR. JAMES TOMKINSON.

Mr. Tomkinson is M.P. for the Crewe Division of Cheshire, and a director of Lloyd's Bank. He was educated at Rugby and Balliol, and has been High Sheriff of Cheshire.



CAPTAIN C. BIGHAM (Sec.).

Captain Bigham is an official of the Board of Trade, and has filled many diplomatic appointments. He was secretary to the Royal Commission on Motor Cars.



COLONEL LOCKWOOD.

Colonel Lockwood is M.P. for the Epping Division of Essex. He was educated at Eton, and has served in the Coldstream Guards. He has been Grand Master of Essex Freemasons.



DR. W. H. GASKELL.

Dr. Gaskell is University Lecturer in Physiology at Cambridge. He is also Fellow and Prefector in Natural Science at Trinity Hall. He is an honorary LL.D. of Edinburgh.

## THE ROYAL COMMISSION ON VIVISECTION, WHICH BEGAN ITS SITTINGS ON OCTOBER 24.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, RUSSELL, DEBENHAM, KILLICK, AND W. H. SMITH.



## THE SPLENDID STAGE-SHIP IN MASSENET'S NEW OPERA, "ARIADNE."

The dress rehearsal of "Ariadne" was given at the Paris Opera on October 28. The ship in which Theseus and his bride sail from Crete to Naxos is said to be finer in point of stage-realism than anything ever contrived for the decoration of "Tristan und Isolde." As the vessel ploughs her way through the waves, the flowery Isle of Naxos rises out of the water by a wonderful trick of stage-management. There is also a very charming effect of passing ships.



# MASSENET'S NEW WORK, "ARIADNE," AT THE PARIS OPERA.

DRAWN BY SIMONT.



Ariadne  
(Madame Bréval.)

Theseus  
(M. Muratore.)

## THE WONDERFUL SHIP-SCENE IN THE SECOND ACT: ARIADNE AND THESEUS.

The story of M. Massenet's new opera is the love of Theseus and Ariadne, and the demigod's desertion of his wife on the Isle of Naxos, when he became enamoured of her sister Phaedra. The ship-tableau is a triumph of stage-setting. In the scene depicted Phaedra (Madame Grandjean), tormented by jealousy, stands behind the lovers. M. Massenet's music to M. Catulle Mendès' words is as fine as anything the composer has yet written.



## THE WORLD'S NEWS.

The Cobbler of  
Köpenick Caught.

of all suggestion of smartness. He was tracked to a house in Berlin by detectives, who found him drinking his morning cup of coffee. True to his reputation, he promptly requested his visitors to allow him to finish his breakfast, and left them to raid the premises and discover part of the spoils. The aged cobbler was then conveyed to the police station, and carefully cross-questioned, but he declined to use his tongue until it had been moistened with good wine. Then he chatted quite amicably with the detectives, and said in the course of conversation that the police had hunted him about and kept him from earning an honest living because of offences duly expiated in his country's prisons. He has committed theft and forgery in various German towns, so it is quite unlikely that he will be promoted to a good position upon the General Staff. He will probably go back to prison to reflect upon German military methods in the safe seclusion of a cell. Doubtless, too, he will be carefully watched when he has served his time. This is but a poor reward for giving the greater part of the civilised world a day or two of hearty laughter. For far smaller services than this many a man has received pension and honour and a respectable place in contemporary history. If we honour the conqueror or the Empire-maker who sheds blood incontinently, surely there should be a higher reward for him who helps with one touch of laughter to make the whole world kin!

The world-famous "raider of Köpenick" proves to be a jail-bird, a cobbler by profession, and withal an old man whom our modern penal system has deprived



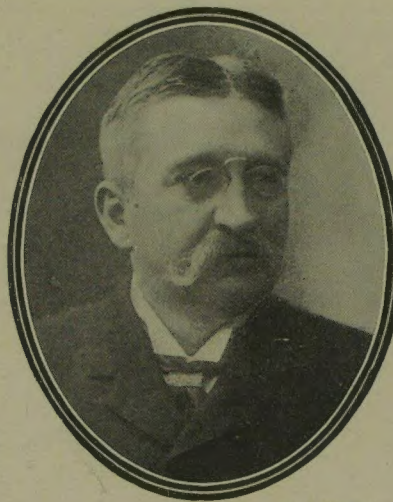
GENERAL PICQUART,  
New French Minister of War.



ALBERT SPALDING,  
Violinist.

## Portraits.

General Picquart, new French Minister of War, is the officer to whom Major Dreyfus owes his reinstatement. Early in his career he served in Algeria. In 1885 he was sent to Tonkin, where he stayed three years. On his return he was appointed a Professor in the School of War, and afterwards joined the General Staff. As head of the Information Bureau, he discovered and exposed the Dreyfus conspiracy.



M. PICHON,  
New French Minister of Foreign Affairs.

M. Stéphane Pichon is one of the many journalists in the new French Cabinet. He began life on M. Clémenceau's paper, *Justice*, and sat in the reporters' gallery in the Senate by the side of M. Delcassé. He served on the Municipal Council, in San Domingo and Peking as Minister, and in Tunis as President-General. He was in Peking during the siege of the Legations.

Mr. Albert Spalding, the violinist, in accordance with his intention of producing a new orchestral work by British composers at every concert given by him in England, on the Continent, and in America, selected for production at the first of his series of symphony concerts a composition by Mr. Herbert Bedford. The work in question, a symphonic interlude entitled "Over the Hills and Far Away," was down for performance at the Queen's Hall on Oct. 31.

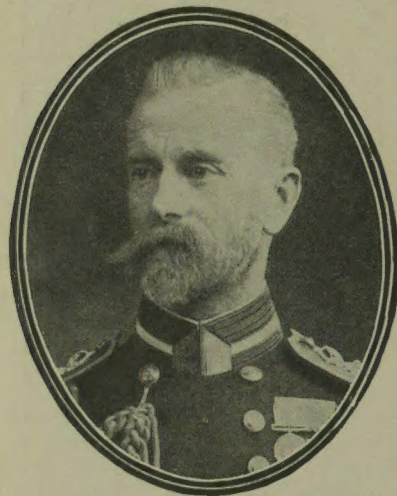
Mr. Haldane's  
Assurances.

Mr. Haldane has been making some very interesting public statements. Speaking about Army reorganisation at the Colchester Oyster Feast last week, he declared that the Government have not the slightest intention of letting down the fighting efficiency of the forces under the Crown. He added that the Government is aiming at a national policy that will enable them to deal satisfactorily with the problem of the Army. This problem, he said, is reorganisation, and will treat the Army as a whole, "in which Regulars shall not regard themselves as existing wholly apart from the Militia, the Militia as wholly apart from the Yeomanry, and the Yeomanry as wholly apart from the Volunteers, but in which every part of the Army is regarded as belonging to one great whole." At Reading College on Saturday last Mr. Haldane referred to arrangements which he is making for the training of a certain number of Army officers at the London School of Economics in the work of administration. These officers, he hopes, will form a nucleus of an administrative staff as responsible and capable as the General Staff of any army.



ADMIRAL SIR D. H. BOSANQUET,  
New Commander-in-Chief, Portsmouth.

**New Naval Commands.** In connection with the formation of the new Home Fleet, a list of new commands has been published by the Admiralty. Admiral Sir D. H. Bosanquet, K.C.B., goes to Portsmouth as Commander-in-Chief, in place of Admiral Sir A. L. Douglas, who retires. Admiral Bosanquet has been Commander-in-Chief of the West Indian Station since 1904, and his connection with the Navy has lasted close upon half a century. Rear-Admiral Francis Charles Bridgeman, M.V.O., who, by the way, has seen no



REAR-ADMIRAL C. H. ADAIR,  
New Commander, Second Cruiser Squadron.

active service, though he is nearing his sixtieth year, will command the Home Fleet; while Rear-Admiral Charles Henry Adair will command the Second Cruiser Squadron. At present he controls the Reserve Division at Sheerness. He has served in Egypt, and attained Rear-Admiral's rank last year. Rear-Admiral Alfred Leigh Winsloe, who becomes Fourth Sea Lord in succession to Rear-Admiral Inglefield, commanded the *Ophir* during the tour of the Prince and Princess of Wales round the Colonies. He has seen service in Egypt and East Africa. Prince Louis of Battenberg, nephew of King Edward, and sometime Director of Naval Intelligence to the Admiralty, has been selected to be Second-in-Command of the Mediterranean Fleet. Other appointments are as follows: Admiral Lord Charles Beresford to be Commander-in-Chief of the Channel Fleet, on the retirement of Sir A. K. Wilson; Vice-Admiral Sir C. C. Drury to succeed Lord Charles Beresford on the Mediterranean Station; Vice-Admiral Sir Assheton Curzon Howe to be Commander-in-Chief of the Atlantic Fleet; Rear-Admiral F. W. Fisher to be Admiral-Superintendent of Malta Dockyard; Rear-Admiral F. S. Inglefield to command the Fourth Cruiser Squadron.



REAR-ADMIRAL A. L. WINSLOE,  
New Fourth Sea Lord.



REAR-ADMIRAL F. C. BRIDGEMAN-BRIDGEMAN,  
New Commander-in-Chief, Home Fleet.



REAR-ADMIRAL PRINCE LOUIS OF BATTENBERG,  
New Second-in-Command, Mediterranean Fleet.



PRINCE JOHANN GEORG OF SAXONY AND PRINCESS MARIE  
OF BOURBON, MARRIED OCTOBER 29.

Prince Johann Georg is the eldest brother of the reigning King of Saxony, and is thirty-eight years of age. His first wife, the Duchess Marie Isabella of Würtemberg, died in 1904. Princess Marie Immaculée is the daughter of Prince Alfonso of Bourbon, Count of Caserta. She is of the "Two Sicilies" branch of the House of Bourbon.

Railway Accident in  
Atlantic City.

On Sunday last three cars, forming part of an electric train, ran through an open drawbridge at Pleasantville, New Jersey, and fell into the "Thoroughfare," a stretch of water separating Atlantic City from the mainland. Within a few hours forty-four dead bodies were recovered, but many await discovery. The local coroner inspected the track soon after the disaster, and found that the ends of the rail on the bridge were considerably higher than the rails on the ordinary track. Consequently, a train travelling

at high speed would jump and be thrown off the rails. There was no guard of any sort for the metals on the bridge, so as soon as the train left the track it fell into the water. As far as can be seen, the first and last duty of an American railway train is to get to its destination as soon as possible. Considerations of mere safety that rule among people who do not live in such a great hurry have little or no place in the United States of America.



# PORTRAITS AND PLACES OF INTEREST AT HOME AND ABROAD.



THE KAISER'S CHIEF HUNTSMAN WITH THE IMPERIAL PACK.



THE KAISER ARRIVING ON THE HUNTING-FIELD.

THE KAISER AS A FOLLOWER OF THE HOUNDS: HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY AND HIS PRIVATE PACK.

The Kaiser pursues many forms of the chase, and pictures of him on his shooting expeditions are quite familiar. Rarely, however, has he been photographed in the hunting-field in the strict sense of the term.—[PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE TOPICAL PRESS]

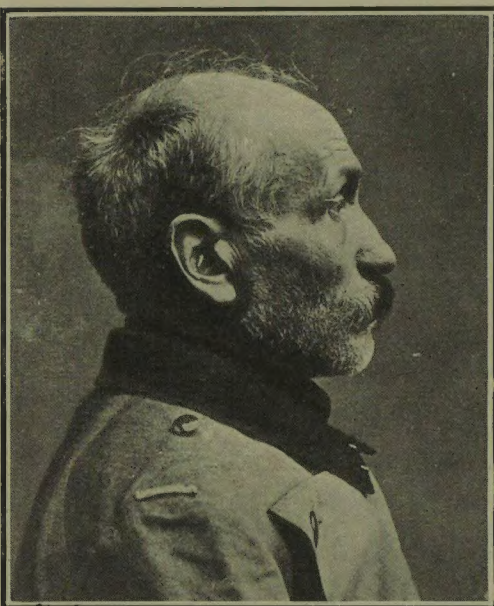


Photo. L.E.A.

THE BOGUS CAPTAIN—IN PROFILE.

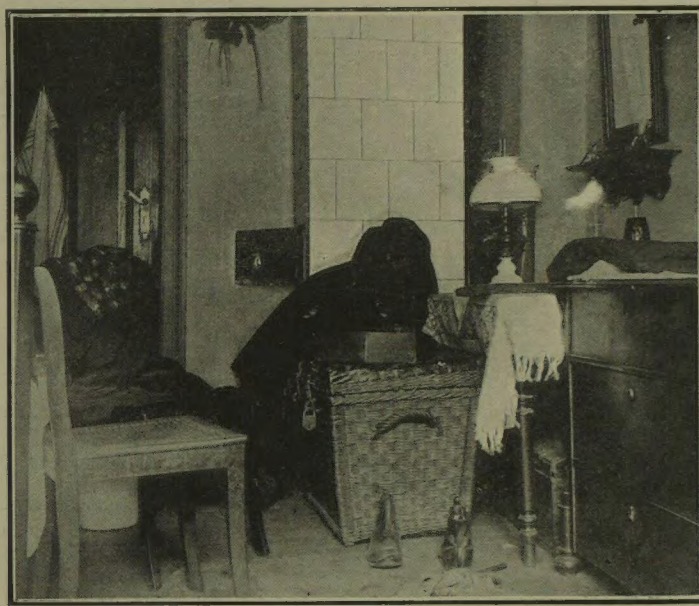


Photo. Topical.

THE ROOM WHERE THE BOGUS CAPTAIN WAS ARRESTED.



Photo. Franke.

THE SUCCESSFUL DISGUISE OF THE CAPTAIN.

THE GENIUS OF KÖPENICK: THE BOGUS CAPTAIN RUN TO EARTH AT LAST.

On the morning of October 25, the famous Captain of Köpenick was arrested in Rixdorf, a northern suburb of Berlin. He turns out to be Wilhelm Voigt, a cobbler, fifty-seven years of age, who has passed twenty-seven years in prison, chiefly for fraud and robbery, of which he is the greatest living exponent. He was released from prison in February last on ticket-of-leave, and found his way to Wismar, where he easily found work. He declared that at the time he was determined to lead a new life. The Mecklenburg authorities, however, did not desire his reformed presence, so he removed to Rixdorf and lodged with his sister, who keeps a small soap-shop. He was foolish enough to have his photograph taken and to send it as a mark of gratitude to his old employer at Wismar. This photograph was his undoing. He submitted quietly to arrest, and, over a bottle of port with the police, he confessed everything. He had never been a soldier, but had studied the ways of German officers in order to perfect himself in his part. The third photograph shows Voigt in his borrowed plumes



Photo. Henry Walker.

THE NEW GRAMMAR SCHOOL AT KING'S LYNN, TO BE OPENED BY THE KING, NOVEMBER 5.

The King will be accompanied by the Queen when he opens the new Grammar School buildings at King's Lynn, and at the same time he will unveil a statue of himself. The school will henceforth be called the King Edward VII. Grammar School. It was founded in 1500 by Thomas Thoresby, and was rebuilt in 1825. It is under the control of a body of twelve governors, the Mayor of Lynn being one ex officio. It was at the Grammar School of Lynn that Eugene Aram was usher at the time of his arrest.

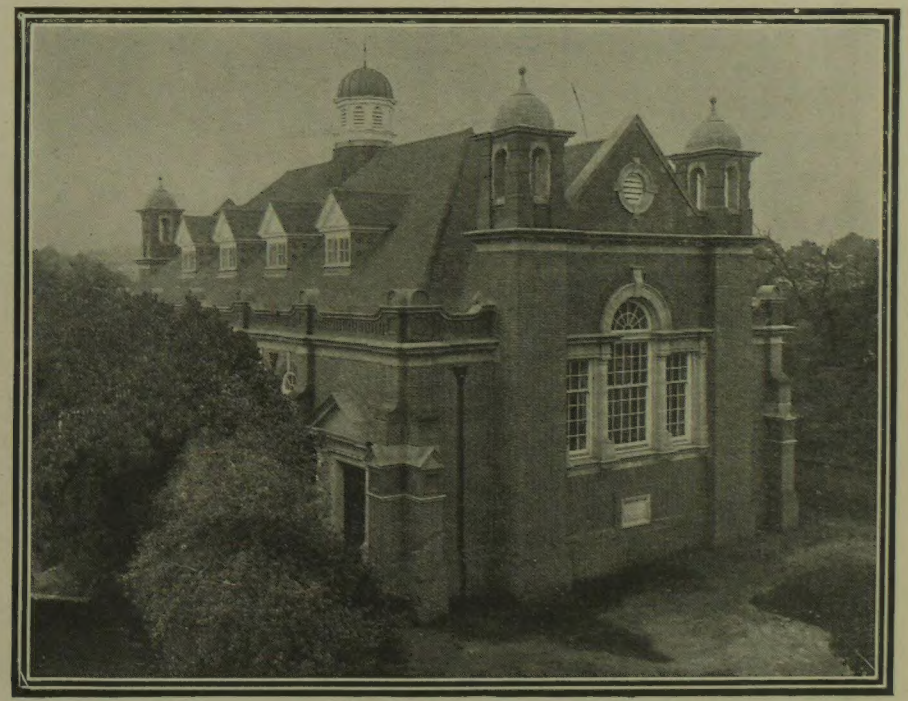


Photo. White.

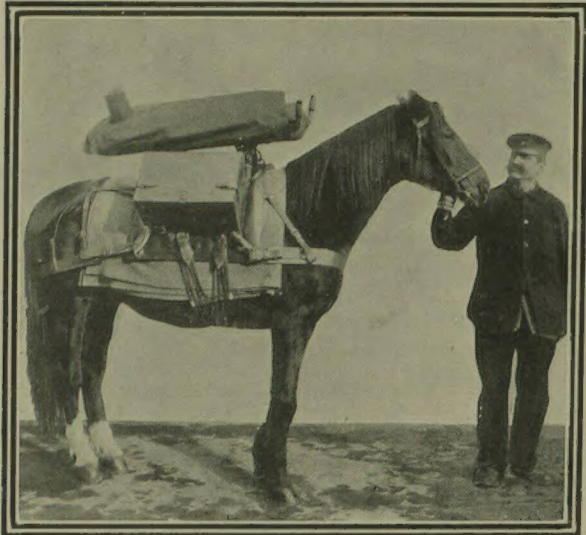
THE NEW HALL OF READING UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, OPENED BY MR. HALDANE, OCTOBER 27.

The new buildings of Reading University College consist of a hall in the Georgian style, and class-rooms for fine art, crafts, zoology, building construction, machine-drawing, botany, physics, agriculture, chemistry, and geography. The total cost of the extension is £50,000, of which Mr. G. W. Palmer gave £10,000, and Messrs. Sutton £6000. In his speech, Mr. Haldane said that the Army was to institute a school for administrative affairs, and as a beginning several officers were to be trained in the London School of Economics.

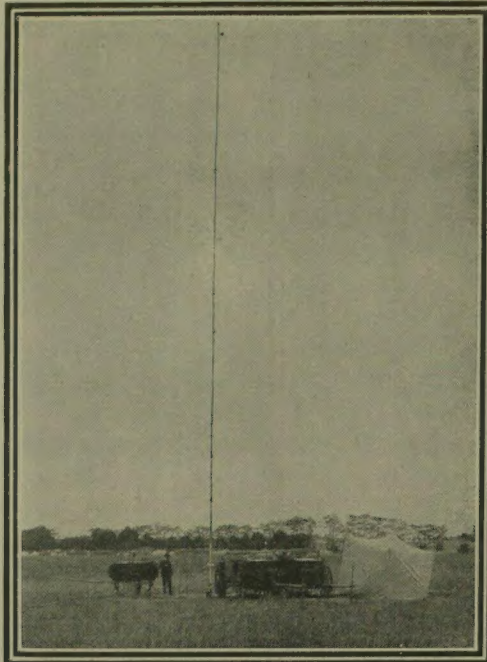


TWO SCIENTIFIC AND

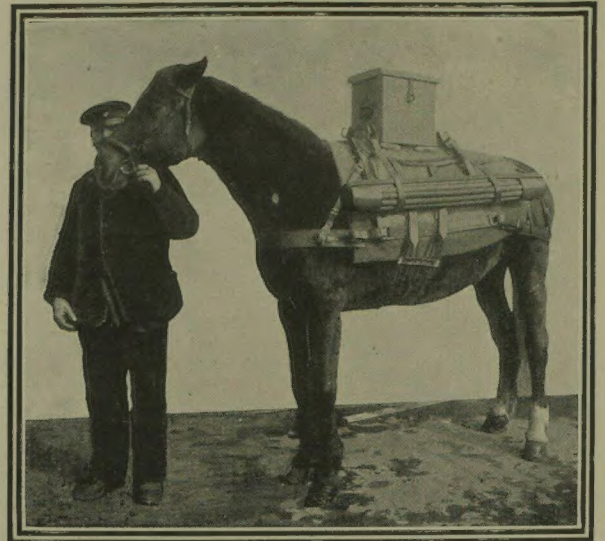
INDUSTRIAL CURIOSITIES.



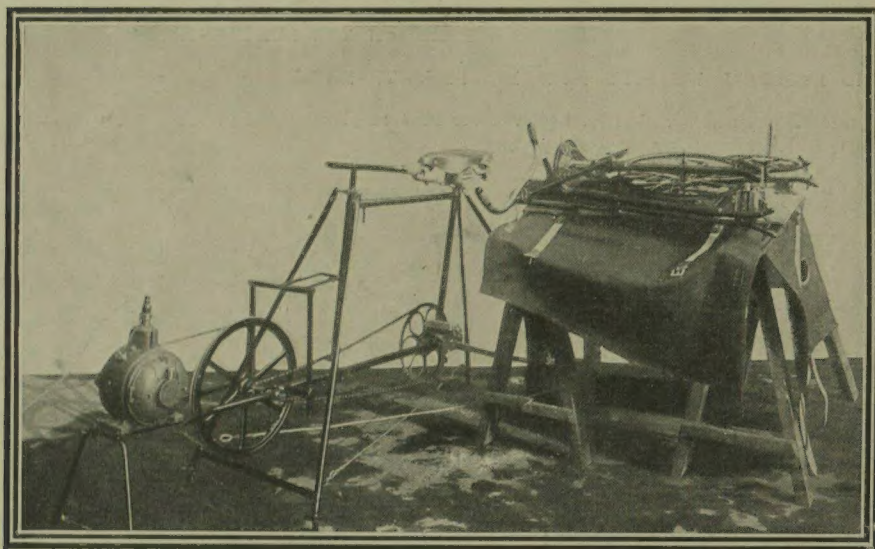
THE BATTERY PACKED ON HORSEBACK.



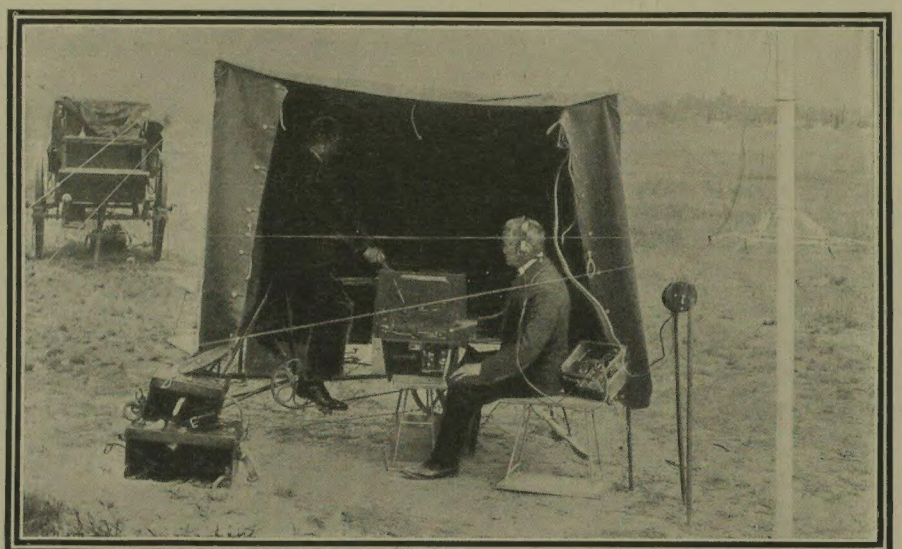
THE JOINTED AERIAL TERMINAL.



THE JOINTS OF THE TERMINAL PACKED FOR TRANSPORT



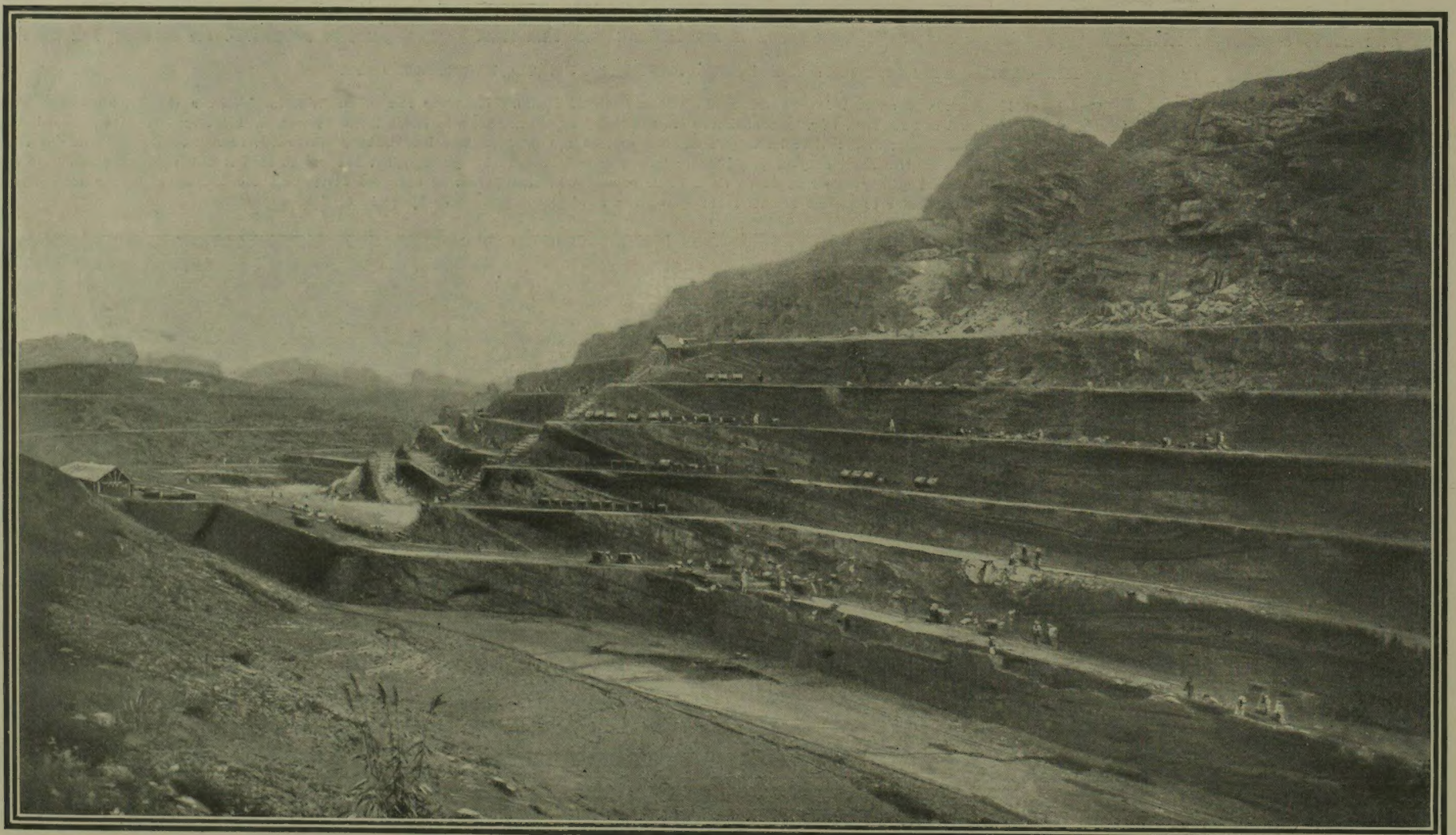
THE TRICYCLE FITTED TO THE DYNAMO.



THE INSTALLATION AT WORK UNDER COVER.

A PORTABLE WIRELESS FIELD-TELEGRAPHIC APPARATUS, WITH A DYNAMO DRIVEN BY A TRICYCLE-GEAR.

The portable field wireless telegraph is a German invention. The whole can be put together and taken down in twenty minutes. The receiver is supported on a jointed pole like a fishing-rod, composed of six pieces, and held in position by wire guys. The power is supplied by a small dynamo producing forty-five volts to every 1300 revolutions. The dynamo is driven by a tricycle. The weight of the entire station is about 300 lb. All the apparatus can be carried on a cavalry pack-saddle. One man can send and receive; two are required to look after the dynamo.



THE SAFEST COAL-MINE IN THE WORLD: THE WORKINGS IN THE OPEN AIR AT HONGAY, TONKIN.

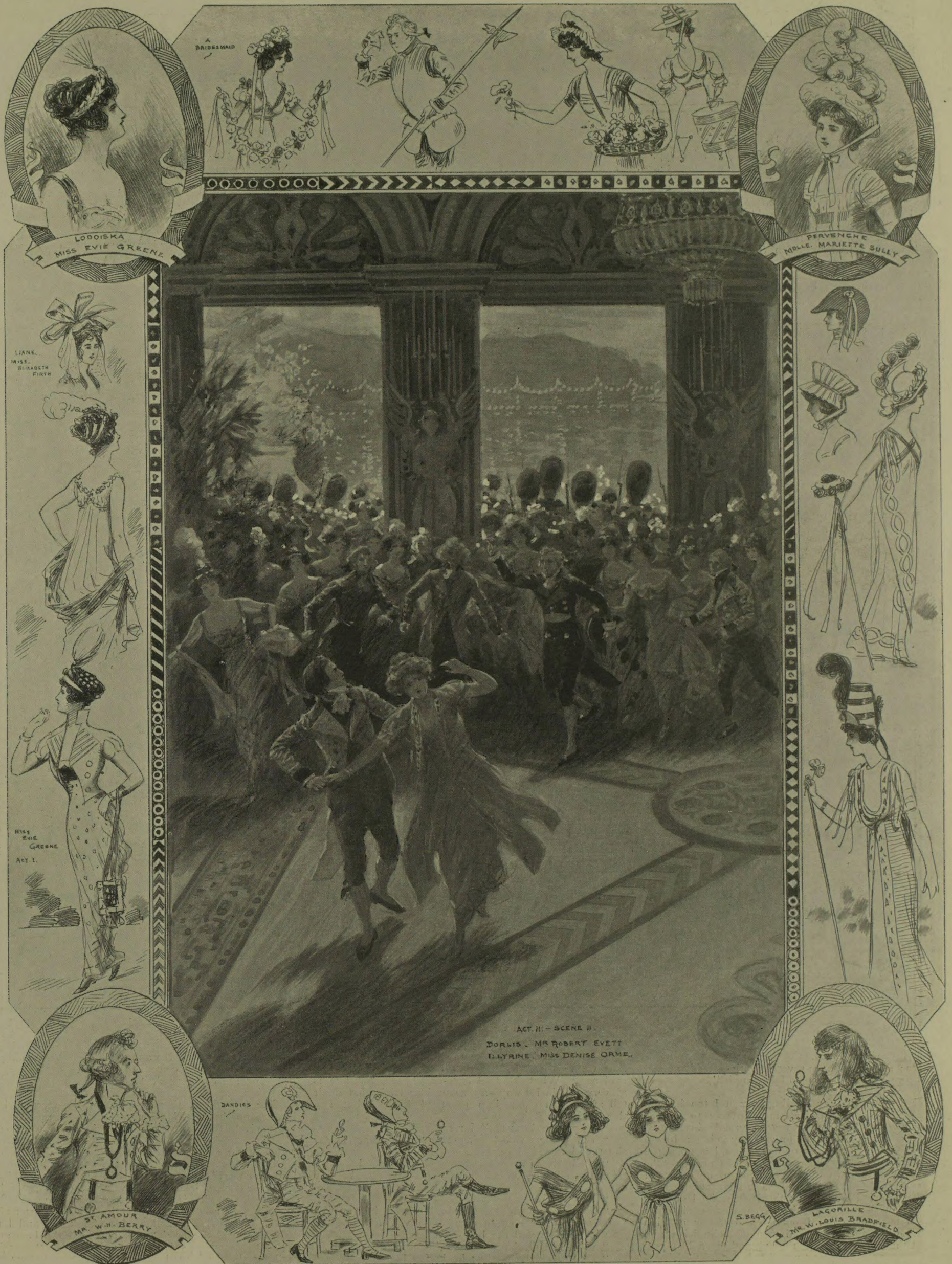
The working is on the side of a hill, which is one solid block of coal about 200 feet high. To get at the mineral, it is only necessary to remove a layer of schist on the surface. The coal, which is of a good quality, is mined to the extent of about 1000 tons a day. There is a good deal of dust, which is used for making briquettes. There are further coal-beds which have still to be worked, and besides the surface-coal there is an important underground supply. The staff of the mine is composed of 50 Europeans and 3500 natives.

PHOTOGRAPH BY M. IMBERT.



# SARDOU AS A COMIC OPERA LIBRETTIST ON THE ENGLISH STAGE.

SKETCHES BY S. BEGG.



## THE EXQUISITE PRODUCTION OF "THE MERVEILLEUSES," AT DALY'S THEATRE.

The comedy-opera of "The Merveilleuses," the book of which was written by Victorien Sardou, has been adapted on the English stage by Basil Hood. The lyrics are by Adrian Ross, and the music by Hugo Felix. The period is Paris of the Directory, and the stage is filled with the wonderful costumes of the Merveilleuses, the delightfully affected people of the period who astonished the Parisian bourgeoisie.



# THE SHOOTINGS OF ACHNALEISH.

By E. F. BENSON.

\*

Illustrated by C. A. SHEPPERSON.

## PART II.

JIM by this time was in the frame of mind typical of the English when their rights are threatened. He had the shooting of Achnaleish, on which were hares, Sir, hares. And if he chose to shoot hares, neither papal bull nor royal charter could stop him.

"Then there'll be a row," said I, and Jim sniffed scornfully.

At lunch Sandie's remark about the "sickness," which I had forgotten till that moment, was explained.

"Fancy that horrible influenza getting here," said Madge. "Mabel and I went down to the village this morning, and oh, Ted, you can get all sorts of things, wool and peppermints, the most heavenly shop, and there was a child there looking awfully ill and feverish. So we inquired: it was the 'sickness': that was all they knew. But from what the woman said, it's clearly influenza. Sudden fever, and all the rest of it."

and not the embodiments of their friends and relations. For that, beyond all doubt, was their belief, and it would take, not half an hour's talk, but perhaps a couple of generations of education to kill that belief, or even to reduce it to the level of a superstition. At present it was no superstition—the terror and incredulous horror on Sandie's face when Jim raised his gun to fire at the hare told me that—it was a belief as sober and commonplace as our own belief that the hares were not incarnations of living folk in Achnaleish. Also virulent influenza was raging in the place, and Jim proposed to have a hare-drive to-morrow! What would happen?

That evening Jim raved about it in the smoking-room.

"But good gracious, man, what can they do?" he cried. "What's the use of an old gaffer from Achnaleish saying I've shot his granddaughter, and

the back door, silent and respectful. In the yard were a dozen young Highlanders, who had beaten for us the day before.

"Morning, Sandie," said Jim shortly. "We'll drive hares to-day. We ought to get a lot in those narrow gorges up above. Get a dozen beaters more, can you?"

"There will be na hare-drive here," said Sandie quietly.

"I have given you your orders," said Jim.

Sandie turned to the group of beaters outside and spoke half-a-dozen words in Gaelic. Next moment the yard was empty, and they were all running down the hill-side towards Achnaleish. One stood on the skyline a moment, waving his arms—making some signal, as I supposed, to the village below. Then Sandie turned again.

"An' whaur are your beaters, Sir?" he asked.



One stood on the sky-line, waving his arms.

"Bad type?" I asked.

"Yes; there have been several deaths already among the old people from pneumonia following it."

Now I hope that as an Englishman I too have a notion of my rights, and attempt anyhow to enforce them as a general rule, if they are wantonly threatened. But if a mad bull wishes to prevent my going across a certain field, I do not insist on my rights, but go round instead, since I see no reasonable hope of convincing the bull that according to the Constitution of my country I may walk in this field unmolested. And that afternoon as Mabel and I drifted about the loch, while I was not employed in disentangling her flies from each other or her hair or my coat, I pondered over our position with regard to the hares and men of Achnaleish, and thought that the question of the bull and the field represented our standpoints pretty well. Jim had the shooting of Achnaleish, and that undoubtedly included the right to shoot hares; so, too, he might have the right to walk over a field in which was a mad bull. But it seemed to me not more futile to argue with the bull than to hope to convince these folk of Achnaleish that the hares were—as was assuredly the case—only hares

when he is asked to produce the corpse, telling the jury that we've eaten it, but that he has got the skin as evidence? What skin? A hare-skin! Oh, folk-lore is all very well in its way—a nice parlour trick—but don't tell me it can enter into practical life. What can they do?"

"They can shoot us," I remarked.

"The canny, God-fearing Scotchmen shoot us for shooting hares?" he asked.

"Well, it's a possibility. However, I don't think you'll have much of a hare-drive in any case."

"Why not?"

"Because you won't get a single native beater, and you won't get a keeper to come either. You'll have to go with Buxton and the boot-boy."

"Then I'll discharge Sandie," snapped Jim.

"That would be a pity: he knows his work."

Jim got up.

"Well, his work to-morrow will be to drive hares for you and me," said Jim. "Or do you funk?"

"I funk," I replied.

The scene next morning was extremely short. Jim and I went out before breakfast, and found Sandie at

For the moment I was afraid Jim was going to strike him. But he controlled himself.

"You are discharged," he said.

The hare-drive, therefore, since there were neither beaters nor keeper—Maclaren, the head keeper, having been given this "day off" to bury his mother—was clearly out of the question, and Jim, still blustering rather, but a good bit taken aback at the sudden disciplined defection of the beaters, was in betting humour that they would all return by to-morrow morning. Meanwhile the post, which should have arrived before now, had not come, though Mabel from her bedroom window had seen the post-cart on its way up the drive a quarter of an hour ago. At that a sudden idea struck me, and I ran to the edge of the hog's back on which the house was set. It was even as I thought: the post-cart was just striking the high-road below, going away from the house and back to the village, without having left our letters.

I went back to the dining-room. Everything apparently was going wrong this morning—the bread was stale, the milk was not fresh, and the bell was rung for Buxton. Quite so: neither milkman nor baker had called.

[Continued overleaf.]



A CHARMING EXAMPLE OF FRENCH ART.

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MÉLODIE.

FROM THE PAINTING BY FRÉDÉRIQUE VALLET BISSON.



From the point of view of folk-lore this was admirable. "There's another cock-and-bull story called 'taboo,'" I said. "It means that nobody will supply you with anything."

"My dear fellow, a little knowledge is a dangerous thing," said Jim, helping himself to marmalade.

I laughed.

"You are rude and irritated," I said, "because you are beginning to be afraid that there is something in it."

"Yes, that's quite true," he said. "But who could have supposed there was anything in it? Oh, dash it! there *can't* be. A hare is a hare."

"Except when it is your first cousin," said I.

"Then I shall go out and shoot first cousins by myself," he said.

That, I am glad to say, in the light of what followed, we dissuaded him from doing, and instead he went off with Madge down the burn. And I, I may confess, occupied myself the whole morning, ensconced in a thick piece of scrub on the edge of the steep brae above Achnaleish in watching through a field-glass what went on there. One could see as from a balloon almost: the street with its houses was spread like a map below.

First, then, there was a funeral, the funeral, I suppose, of the mother of Maclaren, attended, I should say, by the whole village. But after that there was no dispersal of the folk to their work: it was as if it were the Sabbath; they hung about the street talking. Now one group would break up, but it would only go to swell another, and none went either to his house or to the fields. Then shortly before lunch another idea occurred to me, and I ran down the hillside, appearing suddenly in the street, to put it to the test. Sandie was there, but he turned his back square on me, as did everybody else, and as I approached any group talk fell dead. But a certain movement seemed to be going on: where they stood and talked before, they now moved and were silent. Soon I saw what that meant: none would remain in the street with me; every man was going to his house.

The end house of the street was clearly the "heavenly shop" we had been told of yesterday. The door was open and a small child was looking round it as I approached, for my plan was to go in, order something, and try to get into conversation. But while I was still a yard or two off I saw through the glass of the door a man inside come quickly up, and pull the child roughly away, banging the door and locking it. I knocked and rang, but there was no response; only from inside came the crying of the child.

The street, which had been so busy and populous, was now completely empty; it might have been the street of some long-deserted place, but that thin smoke curled here and there above the houses. It was as silent, too, as the grave, but for all that I knew it was watching. From every house I felt sure I was being watched by eyes of mistrust and hate, yet no sign of living being could I see. There was to me something rather eerie about this: to know one is watched by invisible eyes is never, I suppose, quite a comfortable sensation—to know that those eyes are all hostile does not increase the sense of security. So I just climbed back up the hillside again, and, from my thicket above the brae, again I peered down. Once more the street was full.

Now all this made me uneasy: the taboo had been started, and—since not a soul had been near us since Sandie gave the word, whatever it was, that morning—was in excellent working order. Then what was the purport of these meetings and colloquies? What else threatened? The afternoon told me.

It was about two o'clock when these meetings finally broke up, and at once the whole village left the street for the hillsides, much as if they were all returning to work. The only odd thing, indeed, was that no one remained behind: women and children alike went out, all in little

parties of two and three. Some of these I watched—idly, rather, for I had formed the hasty conclusion that they were all going back to their usual employment—and saw that here a woman and girl were cutting dead bracken and heather. That was reasonable enough, and I turned my glass on others. Group after group I examined: all were doing the same thing—cutting fuel . . . fuel.

Then, vaguely, with a sense of impossibility, a thought flashed across me; again it flashed most vividly. This time I left my hiding-place with considerable alacrity, and went to find Jim down by the burn.

As we flowed—there is no other word for the movement of these big cars but that—over the road to Lairg, I turned over everything in my mind. I felt no doubt whatever that all the brushwood and kindling I had seen being gathered in was to be piled after nightfall round our walls, and set on fire. This certainly would not be done till after dark; indeed, we both felt sure that it would not be done till it was supposed that we were all a-bed. It remained to see whether the police at Lairg agreed with my conjecture and it was to ascertain this that I was now flowing there.

I told my story to the chief constable as soon as I got there, omitting nothing and I think exaggerating nothing. His face got graver and graver as I proceeded.

"Yes, Sir, you did right to come," he said. "The folk at Achnaleish are the dourest and the most savage in all Scotland. You'll have to give up this hare-hunting, though, whatever," he added.

He rang up his telephone.

"I'll get five men," he said, "and I'll be with you in ten minutes, and ready to start."

Our plan of campaign was simple. We were to leave the car well out of sight of Achnaleish, and—supposing the signal was in my window—steal up from all sides to command the house from every direction. This should be easy through the plantations, and we should know as we lay hid that the brushwood and heather was *in situ*, and we had but to wait for someone to fire it. That somebody, whenever he showed his light, would be instantly covered by a rifle and challenged.

It was about ten when we dismounted and stalked our way up to the house. The light burned in my window, but all was quiet. Personally, I was unarmed, and so, when I had planted the men in places of concealment round the house, my work was over. We were fortunate, of course, in not running into any of the would-be incendiaries, though it is likely enough that they heard or even saw us, and but imagined that we were of the village. Then I returned to Sergeant Duncan, the chief constable, at the corner of the hedge by the garden, and waited.

That waiting to me now seems longer than all the rest of my life: at intervals of years it seemed an owl would hoot, or a rabbit scuffle in the grass. From inside the house lights gleamed, but as the hours went on these were quenched, and at length it stood a mere blot against the sky. Then suddenly the end came. I heard a foot grate on the gravel: I saw the gleam of a lantern, and heard Duncan's voice.

"Man," he shouted, "if you move hand or foot I fire. My rifle-head is dead on you."

Then I blew the whistle: the others ran up, and in less than a minute it was all over. The man we closed in on was Maclaren, the head-keeper.

"They killed my mither with that hell-carriage," he said; "as she juist sat on the road, pair body, who had niver hurt them."

And that seemed to him an excellent reason for attempting to burn us all to death.

But it took time to get into the house: their preparations had been singularly workmanlike, for every window and door on the ground floor was wired up.

Now we had Achnaleish for two months, but we had no wish to be burned or otherwise murdered. And next morning a solemn conclave was held, we with our prisoner, and we secured peace and friendliness on the promise of not shooting hares, and releasing—though Duncan growled at this—our capture. A capital couple of months we spent, too, and relations were of the most amicable.

But if anybody wants to test how far what Jim still calls cock-and-bull stories can enter into practical life, I should suggest to him to go a-shooting hares at Achnaleish.

THE END.



The man we closed in on was Maclaren, the head-keeper.

I told him exactly what I had seen and what I believed it meant, and I fancy that his belief in the possibility of folk-lore entering the domain of practical life was very considerably quickened. In any case, it was not a quarter of an hour afterwards that the chauffeur and I were going precisely as fast as the Napier was able along the road to Lairg. We had not told the women what my conjecture was, because we believed that, making the dispositions we were making, there was no cause that night for alarm-sounding. One private signal only existed between Jim within the house and me outside. If my conjecture proved to be correct, he was to place a light in the window of my room, which I should see returning after dark from Lairg. My ostensible reason for going was to get some local fishing-flies.



# ONE STEP NEARER FLYING: NEW MACHINES TO CONQUER THE AIR.



THE FIRST FLIGHT OF A MACHINE HEAVIER THAN AIR: SANTOS DUMONT WINNING THE ARCHDEACON PRIZE.

THE ONLY PHOTOGRAPH OF A MEMORABLE EVENT, SHOWING THE HEIGHT ATTAINED.

At Bagatelle, on October 23, M. Santos Dumont tried his new aeroplane. It is designed to achieve actual flying, and supports itself by sheer mechanism and not by an inflated envelope. The machine consists of a series of planes driven by a screw. The power is a petrol engine. A successful flight was accomplished for a distance of a little over sixty yards at a height of about ten feet above the ground. The principle of the machine is that of the kite, the thrust of the screw taking the place of the resistance of the string.



EIGHT BALLOONS IN ONE: AN EXTRAORDINARY NEW DIRIGIBLE FLYING-MACHINE, THE "VILLE DE PARIS."

M. Deutsch, the giver of the great prize for ballooning, is experimenting with an extraordinary new aerostat, the "Ville de Paris." The machine consists of eight separate balloons arranged in the form of a cross. The balloon is driven by a four-cylinder 70-h.p. motor. The screw is of an entirely new design, and is the invention of Colonel Renard. Its vanes are left quite free, and arrange themselves at a required angle as they revolve.—[PHOTOGRAPH BY BIARD]







## WHY NOT INCENSE PARTIES INSTEAD OF BRIDGE?

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



JAPANESE LADIES GUESSING PERFUMES.

Incense parties were a common amusement in old Japan. Each of the guests had a little furnace, a small wooden box, packed with sand. On the top of this was a small charcoal fire. Each woman in turn burned some incense, and the others had to guess what it was. Between every burning the windows were thrown open, and the room was cleared for the next experiment.



## A BOOKSHELF SURVEY.

"WOMEN of the West" (Nash) is a book of short stories reprinted from the magazines, although nothing is said about it on the title-page. We laid it down with the feeling aroused in us before by Mr. Charles Marriott's work: the impression that his clever brains have had more to say in planning the ill fortunes of the characters than his heart in seeking to soften them. Frankly, we have found these ironical studies of human discomforts and difficulties uncongenial reading, and in several places depressing to the verge of cruelty. A happy exception is "The Nineteen Merry Maidens"; and even here Mr. Marriott fills in little Joyce's anxiety as to the efficacy of her prayers for the reincarnation of the grey stone sisterhood more fully than her belief in Mr. Prowse's tale of their midnight release. The story, however, is told with superb art—indeed, they all are; which accentuates the author's god-like indifference to the fate of his puppets. His attitude towards Rosanna, by the way, is actively malignant, and the worst of it is that she has all the appearance of sentient flesh and blood. She was a slattern, temporarily redeemed from squalor and gossip and the beer-jug by the possession of a hyacinth bulb, to whose blossoming she looked forward with intense and pitiful desire. The time came—her instant of ecstasy—and was ended almost before it had begun by her surly young husband's jealous destruction of the unfolding blossom.

Castigators of the Smart Set, at any rate in fiction, do not usually fail in particulars, but Mr. John A. Steuart seems most unwilling to give its wickedness names. Here in his new story, "The Wages of Pleasure" (Hodder and Stoughton), there is a Lady Archer-Deane who is sent to Penal Servitude, while her husband, Sir Reginald, escapes the same fate only by committing suicide; yet for the life of us we cannot make out exactly the evil thing the Archer-Deanes have done. As for the exposure and even imprisonment which, as a consequence of the Archer-Deane trial, threaten the Starths, Bragwells, Rudges, and other impossible people and Eupatrids, we confess it beyond our wit to imagine what probable, possible shadow of criminality can have rested upon them. The author has forgotten to explain. He has, it is true, a great deal to say about Bridge, but we do not recognise the game in his descriptions; that of Mr. Ashcroft Berkeley's play on page 52, for example, suggests Monte Carlo, not a rubber (however high the stakes) in which one has a partner to consider and involve. In any case, though to play bridge all for one's own hand is a rank enough offence, it doesn't land one in the Old Bailey. But this is the smallest of our grievances with Mr. Steuart. We should not mind the shakiness of his case against Lady Archer-Deane, or the vagueness of the danger by which he would overwhelm her associates, if only the trial came off. But it doesn't—or, at any rate, as far as we are concerned, it is heard with closed doors, and no reporter, not even Mr. Steuart himself, is present. Thus, when we are two-thirds through the novel we discover that the sensation which alone has beguiled us so far is, after all, to be denied us, and to persevere to the end (to borrow a phrase Mrs. Starth might have used) "takes some doing." We are unable to congratulate Mr. Steuart on his latest piece of work.

We have never been of the number of Mr. Justus Miles Forman's out-and-out admirers. Readily recognising the cleverness of the Carteret stories, we still suspected their author of having rather an easy conscience in his art. For the sake of gaining a cheap popularity, he would, we felt, sacrifice a great many things, including some self-respect. His new book, "Buchanan's Wife" (Ward, Lock), holds the proof that we were right. There is an early page in it which might have been lifted straight from a certain Print notorious for its decadent blush. However admirable it might have been there, it is quite unfitted for its incidental appearance in this novel, into which it has been introduced, we are bound to imagine, for a quite unworthy purpose. The novel itself is good in no single respect. The nature of the man Buchanan does have interesting possibilities, but the novelist quickly discards any intention of character-drawing. He stakes all upon Sensation, and his sensation here is really very feeble stuff. That Buchanan should turn up alive cannot be any surprise to the most dense reader. The reappearance, when it does occur, is singularly ineffective; in fact, "Buchanan's Wife" is a novel with a poor theme, poorly worked out. It is illustrated, we might add, by a dexterous artist who so perfectly puts in the crease of the trouser-leg, that no amount of usage (though the wearer be a hobo) seems ever to take it out. That crease is symbolic of the tale. Further than that, the pictures, as a matter of fact, throw no light on the story, but really it does not matter.

A weakness for brigands has prejudiced us in favour of "The Heir" (Blackwood), where the abduction of some young people by a Balkan band is treated with great perfection of detail. Sydney Grier has done for the Tefanyans in misfortune what Conan Doyle did for the passengers of the *Korosko*, and with the same quiet, matter-of-fact narration of a good story. The superfine edge to their adventures is furnished by the circumstance that Maurice and Zoe Tefany were less English than their breeding—they were, in fact, no other than the lineal descendants of John

Theophanis, the last Emperor of the East. The long arm of coincidence made them the fellow-prisoners of the Princess Eirene, rival claimant to the visionary throne of the Roman Empire, whereby hangs the ultimate love interest of the novel. A Grecian professor, to whom political intrigue was as the breath of his nostrils, invaded Maurice's Cornish manor-house, and proved his Imperial descent to him, and from this disclosure to the excitement of intrigue and counter-intrigue in the Balkans is, of course, a short and easy step. The diverse nationalities at issue in South-Eastern Europe are drawn with carefully distinctive characterisation. We have found "The Heir" full of incident and interest.

"The Lady Evelyn" (Hodder and Stoughton) begins with the histrionic success of the Earl's daughter, who comes incognito to town and demands the star part at the Carlton Theatre with the words—"I've read about Constant King's play—I know Derbyshire; I have loved the tradition of that story all my life. Money is nothing to me. Let me play the part Miss Fay Warner has given up. Let me play it at rehearsal, and then say whether you wish me to go on"—and gets it. The Earl bears the title of the Earl of Melbourne, and the play is called "Haddon Hall," which strike us as curious examples of the poverty of a literary imagination. The hero is a rising young architect who is so deficient in common-sense that he allows himself to be slung from a dizzy height by "frail ropes," one of which is dislodged from the stonework upon which it rests by the unconscious action of the Earl's daughter's arm—an accident after which we may well ejaculate, "More power to her elbow!" The architect is very properly punished for his stupidity by being permitted to marry this noble but careless lady. Mr. Max Pemberton is a popular author, and his experience must enable him to gauge the taste of his readers to a nicety.

## PARISH LIFE IN MEDIÆVAL ENGLAND.

ABBOT GASQUET, it will be generally acknowledged, is just the man to tell us about "Parish Life in Mediæval England" (Methuen). The Church of Rome undoubtedly preserves the memory of many lost or faded traditions, and thereby cultivates a power of historical interpretation, to which, it must be owned, serious violence was done by Puritanism and the Reformation. To admit this, of course, is something very different from admitting that it is possible to reverse the past and throw the world back into the Middle Ages. But pictures drawn from the past allure us in Scott's novels, and a feeling is certainly growing up among us now that, busy as our generation is with a multitude of pressing concerns, it is well, when we can find leisure, at times to bestow some thought on the methods and ideas of bygone ages.

Parish life was certainly more interesting in past ages than it is to-day. What associations have we now with the parish? None, unhappily, but the most prosaic and disagreeable. We most of us move about through a good many parishes in the course of the day, without knowing much about them, and though each of us is domiciled somewhere, there is nothing lovely about the rates or the workhouse. But parish life once was a reality, and a very living one. The church was its centre, which the parishioners themselves loved to beautify.

"Even the poorest and most secluded village sanctuary was in the early times overflowing with wealth and objects of beauty, which loving hands had gathered to adorn God's house, and to make it, as far as their means would allow, the brightest spot in their little world." Of the richness of small out-of-the-way churches there is positive evidence extant; and the benefactions were sometimes not a little curious, such as that of an alderman of Hull who left ten pounds to make angels descend on the high altar and ascend to the roof of the church at the elevation of the Host. They descended, as Abbot Gasquet explains, until the end of the singing of the *Ne nos inducas in tentationem* of the Paternoster, after which they ascended.

Church-going was not a mere Sunday observance in those days. There was a daily mass attended by everybody, even by the Squire before he went out hunting, at daybreak. Squires, by the way, as Abbot Gasquet tells us, were not exalted over parsons and people before the Reformation—they could not affront a spiritual power before which all were equal. Yet a beginning of the pew system had already been made in their behalf, and the letting of pews had become a custom by the beginning of the sixteenth century. At an earlier date we find the floors of churches strewn with rushes—not too frequently renewed during the year—and it seems rat-traps were wanted in St. Michael's, Cornhill, for the vermin which ran about. So the good old times were not altogether lovely even inside the sanctuary. But many old observances, connected mainly with Church festivals and special periods of the year, linked together the religious and the secular life of the parish. There were the curious performances of the "boy bishop," the "Maundy," the Easter "Sepulchre," "Church ales," "Plough Monday," and Hocktide. There was also a

"church house" for parish meetings and for dancing; and there were dramatic spectacles—miracle or mystery plays—recommended "for devotion and honest mirth." Lastly, there were guilds and fraternities devoted to some patron saint which met in the church house and transacted business sometimes not unlike that of modern trade unions.

So that in fact there was not the same broad line of division which exists among us now between things spiritual and temporal. Church-life entered into the very amusements of the people; and the village plays or mysteries, in their less solemn passages, afforded abundant opportunities for hilarity. So, indeed, Mr. Wylie tells us in his History of Henry IV., and we imagine Abbot Gasquet will not disagree with him on this point. Indeed, there have been discovered frescoes inside some of our old churches which would rather shock the modern sense of reverence. But these cases only show the excess of a tendency from which there has been since, especially at one time, even too strong a reaction. What mainly comes out of a study of mediæval life is that what was best in it all, whether devotion or business or pleasure, was inspired by a spirit of religion and of loyal allegiance to one great religious society—the undivided Church—which laid down the principles of a truly healthy life, however hard might be its struggles with earthly powers, and however erroneous, perhaps, in some things might be its own worldly policy, or even (as most of us think) some of its high scholastic doctrines.

Let us add that besides a captivating subject very ably handled, the reader will find in this book numerous artistic illustrations of excellent quality, which will help to bring back the past by examples of what it still has left to us. The book, in fact, is attractive in every way, and we warmly commend it to the attention of our readers.



ST. MARTIN'S MASS, SHOWING DISPOSITION OF ALTAR FURNITURE. FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

From "Parish Life in Mediæval England," by Permission of Messrs. Methuen.

We have no reason to suspect that they do not appreciate this kind of thing; on the contrary, we believe that they enjoy it. "The Lady Evelyn" will probably achieve success.

It is too soon for a "Life of the Empress Eugénie," such as Miss T. Stoddart (Hodder and Stoughton) has given us, bound in imperial purple and illustrated by Winterhalter portraits. Autobiography is allowed these early appearances, but biography would do well to return to its old custom, and wait. Some American humourist has given us a scene in the New England boarding-house where the hostess and her daughter engage in an animated dispute as to whether a guest, there present, does or does not like beans. In like manner did the Browning Society strive and tussle over Browning meanings, the poet standing by. And also in like manner does any writer of the life of this living lady enter upon the question of her share in the provocation of the Franco-German War, and relate the doubtful anecdotes of the fêtes at Compiègne, of the balls at the Tuileries, of the marriage negotiations, of the showy reign of nearly twenty noisy years. These odds-and-ends of history, or mere story, will not be more authentic when she who knows the truth of them will be no longer amongst the living, but then the fact of her living knowledge will no longer add a touch of grotesqueness to their futility, nor will there be a now inevitable intrusiveness in their publication. Miss Stoddart has done her gathering industriously and with a fair completeness that loses nothing by her right-minded ignoring of all such "histories" as those of the traitorous chief of police who, playing Court-newsman, has left a record of twenty years of intrigue and secret murder. The present "Life" is not ill-written and not ill-natured. The one photograph of the Empress (which might have been accompanied by others even more beautiful) is worth all the foolish and insipid paintings reproduced.



CLASSICAL DRAMA BY A MODERN ENGLISH WRITER,  
AND A PLAY OF OLD ENGLAND.



Robin Hood  
(Mr. Lewis Waller).

Prince John  
(Mr. W. Devereux).

MR. LEWIS WALLER AS ROBIN HOOD AT THE LYRIC: THE SCENE IN NOTTINGHAM CASTLE, WHERE ROBIN HOOD  
HOLDS PRINCE JOHN AND HIS RETINUE AT BAY.

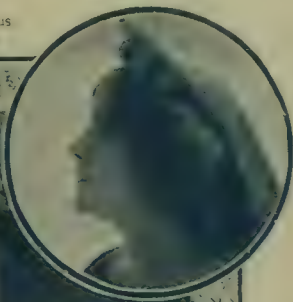
III PHAETON (Mr. Oscar Asche).  
*Photo. J. M. Marshall.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE DOVER STREET STUDIOS.

ALTHEA (Miss Lily Brayton).  
*Photo. J. M. Marshall.*

Leader of Male Chorus  
(Mr. Walter Hampden).

Leader of Female Chorus  
(Miss Agnes Brayton).



Althea  
(Miss Lily Brayton)

A Herald  
(Mr. Kay Souper).

Hephaestion  
(Mr. Oscar Asche).

Cleo  
(Miss Geneviève Ward).

Cresphontes, the King  
(Mr. Alfred Brydson).

"THE VIRGIN GODDESS" AT THE ADELPHI: THE SCENE ROUND THE MURDERED KING'S BODY.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIS AND WALFRY

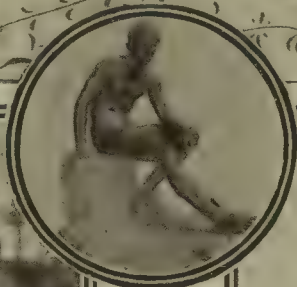


RICHER TREASURES THAN POMPEII: THE QUESTION OF FURTHER EXCAVATIONS AT HERCULANEUM.

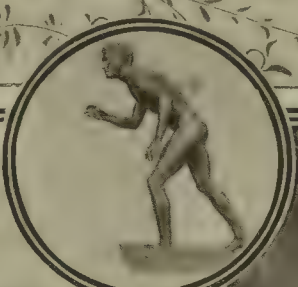
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ABENIACAR, SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."



THE LIMITS OF THE OLD EXCAVATIONS, AND THE  
POINT OF DEPARTURE FOR THE NEW.



A TREASURE  
FROM HER-  
CULANEUM:  
A FIGURE IN  
REPOSE.



A TREASURE  
FROM HER-  
CULANEUM:  
A WRESTLER.



A POPULAR RESORT IN HERCULANEUM:  
THE REMAINS OF THE TAVERN.



A TREASURE  
FROM HER-  
CULANEUM:  
BUCEPHALUS.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE EXCAVATIONS LOOKING TOWARDS  
THE SEA.



THE FARM OF DISSOGNO, ON THE SITE  
OF HERCULANEUM.



A TREASURE  
FROM HER-  
CULANEUM:  
A SLEEPING  
FAUN.



A GENERAL VIEW LOOKING TOWARDS  
VESUVIUS.

While Pompeii has been very thoroughly explored, Herculaneum has remained almost untouched as it was buried in lava, and the work of excavation would be far more difficult than it was at Pompeii, which was buried under ashes. Dr. Waldstein, of King's College, Cambridge, has outlined a scheme for the complete exploration of Herculaneum, and he is being severely criticised by the Italian Press,

which contends that the work should be left to Italian archæologists, and that Dr. Waldstein's proposal puts Italy on a level with Turkey and Greece. Dr. Waldstein, on the other hand, declares that his scheme safeguards the national honour of Italy, and that it has the sympathy of Professor Boni. The treasures buried in Herculaneum must be rich, as it was the summer resort of the very wealthy.



# BURIED TREASURES: PROPOSED EXCAVATION OF THE SUMMER HOME OF ROMAN MILLIONAIRES.

PHOTOGRAPH BY AB-NIACAR.

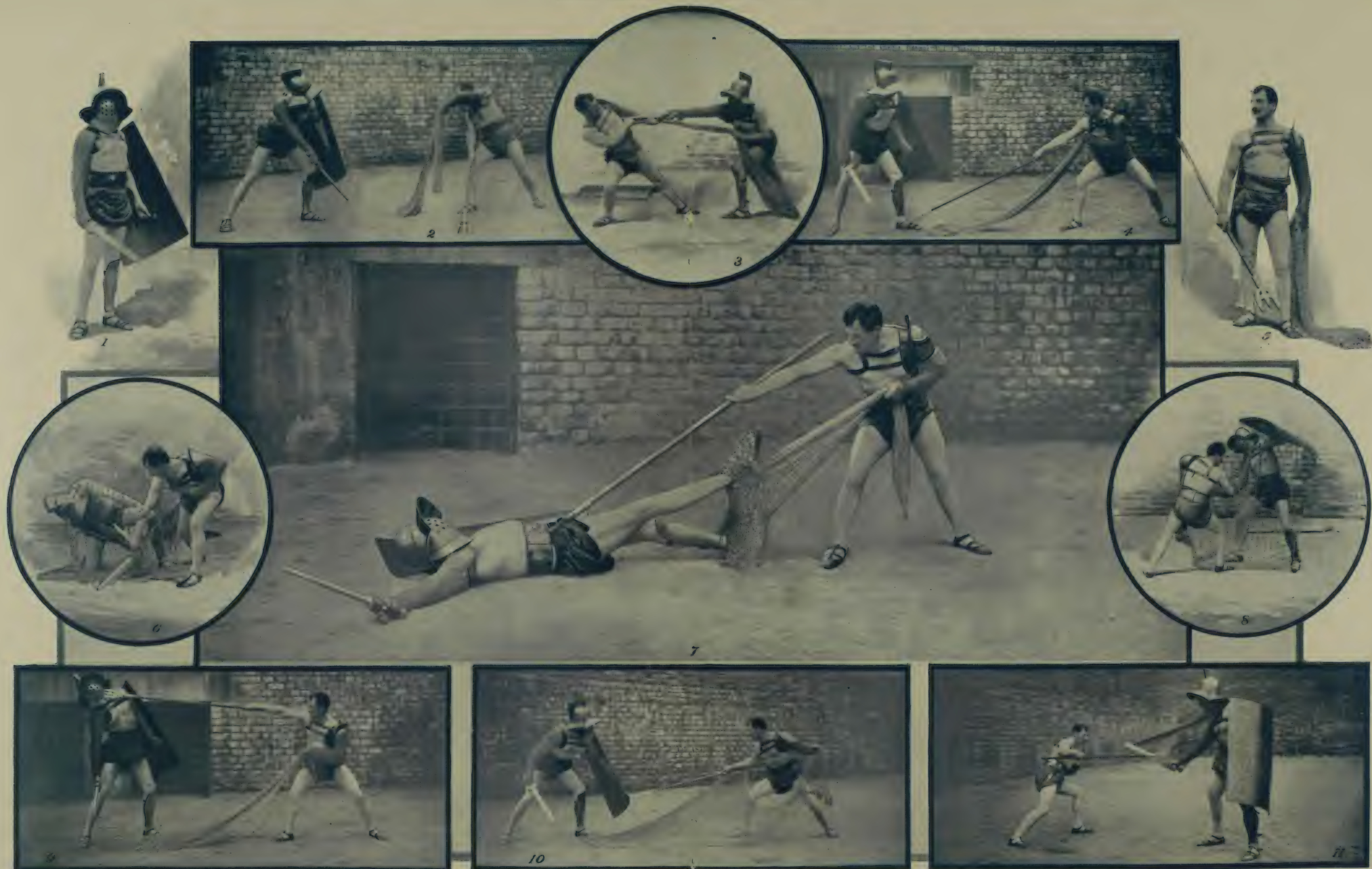


THE EXISTING EXCAVATIONS OF HERCULANEUM: REMAINS ALREADY BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

The little that has been done at Herculaneum in excavating the remains of the buried city has yielded sufficiently encouraging results. It is to be hoped that a complete excavation will, before long, be undertaken by the Italian Government.

The decorations of the photograph on this page are copied from wall-paintings in the house of the Vettii at Pompeii.





1. THE MIRMILLO. 2. THE MIRMILLO ENGAGING THE RETIARIUS. 3. RIGHT-HAND STROKE BY THE MIRMILLO, GIVING HIM A CHANCE TO DRAW AWAY THE NET. 4. THE RETIARIUS COUNTERING THE MIRMILLO WITH THE TRIDENT AGAINST HIS ADVERSARY'S FOOT. 5. THE RETIARIUS  
6. THE MIRMILLO ENVELOPED IN THE NET AND MENACED BY THE RETIARIUS'S DAGGER. 7. THE RETIARIUS GIVES THE COUP-DE-GRÂCE. 8. THE MIRMILLO TURNS ASIDE THE NET WITH HIS SHIELD AND STRIKES AT HIS ADVERSARY'S BODY.  
9. THE TRIDENT COUNTERED BY THE MIRMILLO'S VISOR. 10. THE RETIARIUS PREPARES FOR A THROW WITH HIS LEFT HAND. 11. THE NET FLUNG ROUND THE MIRMILLO'S NECK; THE TRIDENT PARRIED BY THE SWORD.

### MODERN ATHLETES AS ROMAN GLADIATORS: THE RETIARIUS AND THE MIRMILLO REVIVED IN FRANCE.

In the Roman amphitheatre, besides the ordinary combats, a very popular but bloody sport was that between the net-thrower and an armed adversary. Their performance was a cruel parody of the fisherman's craft. The retiarius was protected only from the left shoulder to the wrist; he carried a fishing-net and a trident. His adversary, called the mirmillo, was armed as an ordinary gladiator, often with a fish as his crest. The retiarius strove to envelop the mirmillo in the net so that he could stab him easily. He had to depend on his agility; for if he missed his cast, he had to flee for his life till he could gather up his net again. Juvenal, speaking of the degeneracy of the patricians, describes a Gracchus posing in the arena as a retiarius. "What wonder," he

says, "that under a fiddling prince we have an aristocracy of buffoons! What deeper shame is there than the gladiatorial school! You may see a Gracchus fighting, but not in the panoply of the mirmillo. No shield for him, no upward curving blade; he hates such weapons, hates and loathes them. No visor veils his face; watch how he swings his trident. When he has cast his net in vain, he throws a bare-faced glance at the spectators and scuttles down the arena recognised by everybody. We know that tunic, as it flies all golden from his throat, and his floating chin-strap. As for his pursuer, he has endured a shame worse than any wound, since he is set to fight a Gracchus." The revival here illustrated was given in the old Roman amphitheatre in Paris.





ARCHERY IN THE DEEP: SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS SHOOTING FISH.

In the South Seas and in various groups of islands in the Indian Ocean the aboriginals shoot fish with the bow and arrow. The art is extremely difficult, as in taking aim at an object under water the archer has to allow for refraction. If he were to aim directly at the fish as he sees it, he would, of course, miss. Long practice has, however, made the natives very expert in this sport.



A MUNICIPAL PALACE: THE NEW CITY HALL AT CARDIFF, OPENED BY THE MARQUESS OF BUTE, OCTOBER 29.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SARGENT.

The Hall has been erected in Cathay's Park, which was purchased for £158,500. The Hall and the Law Courts will cost at least £300,000. The Council Chamber is surmounted by a dome, above which is an

| SOME FACTS AND DIMENSIONS:                |                                    |
|---|------------------------------------|
| City Hall, 9343 yards (superficial).      | Portland Stone used, 157,000 tons. |
| Law Courts, 6840 yards (superficial).     | Number of Bricks, 11,000,000.      |
| Concrete Foundations, 16,317 cubic yards. | Panes of Glass, 81,116.            |

immense red dragon. The corridors are magnificently decorated with mosaic and marble. The decoration of the Council Chamber is severely plain, but very handsome. The scheme is worked out in oak with white inlay.



H.M.S. "TRIUMPH" FIRING: THE "EXMOUTH"  
BEYOND.

# INTERESTING AND INGENUOUS NAVAL OPERATIONS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE REV. T. W. L. CASPERSZ.



A TREMENDOUS BROADSIDE: H.M.S. "CORNWALLIS" AT BATTLE PRACTICE.

There has been keen competition among the Fleets recently in the annual battle practice. Our Illustrations show some of the ships of the Channel Fleet carrying out their battle practice off Portland. The "Cornwallis" is a ship of the "Russell" class, and a sister of the ill-fated "Montagu," while the "Triumph" is one of the two battle-ships built for the Chilian Navy which were purchased by the Admiralty some two or three years ago. In one of the pictures the "Exmouth," Admiral Wilson's flag-ship, is seen. This ship obtained the magnificent number of sixty hits.



RAISED BY A FLOATING DOCK: THE INGENUOUS SALVING OF THE ILL-FATED FRENCH SUBMARINE "LUTIN."

The "Lutin," which sank off Bizerta during submarine exercise, has been raised, and the bodies of the crew have been removed. A floating dock was towed to the place where the "Lutin" sank. The dock was lowered below the water-line, and the submarine was attached to it by a heavy chain. The dock was then raised by emptying her water-tanks, and the submarine, thus suspended below the surface, was towed to Bizerta. The escorting vessels are the "Cyclope," the "Dromadaire," and the "Urne."



# LEAVING HIS COUNTRY IN SAFE HANDS: KING HAAKON AND HIS PARLIAMENT.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SZACINSKI.



President Berner.

Mr. Lovland. Mr. Michelsen, Premier.

## OUR COMING ROYAL VISITORS: QUEEN MAUD AND KING HAAKON AT THE OPENING OF THE STORTHING.

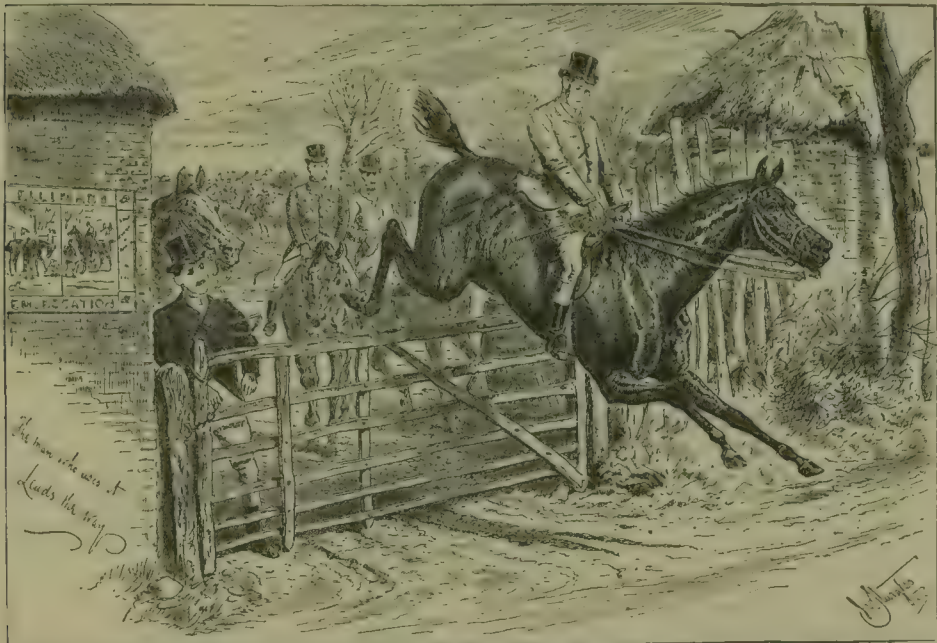
The Storting was opened by King Haakon on October 22. The Queen and the members of the Diplomatic Body were present. The King alluded to his Coronation, and the expressions of goodwill it evoked from all countries. These cordial relations he hoped to preserve. His Majesty also dwelt on the prospects of financial prosperity and reduced taxation. His Majesty and Queen Maud visit King Edward on November 12.



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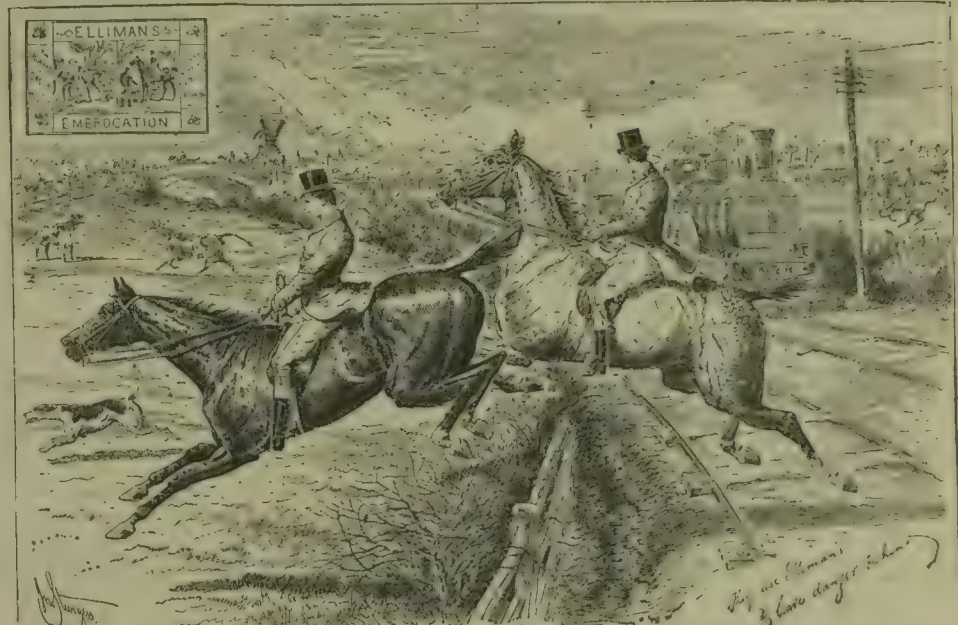
THE MAN WHO USES IT LEADS THE WAY.



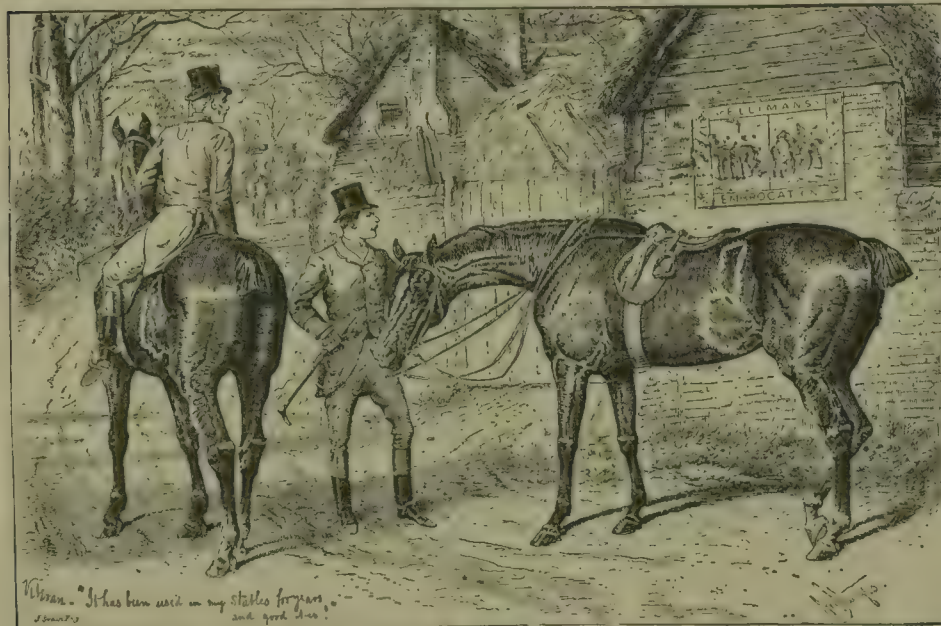
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## ART NOTES.

THE Royal Society of British Artists has in the past provoked the most patient critic to invective, and Mr. Alfred East, its new President, must cope with traditions that have little to commend them. Whistler's explosive reign had no permanent effect upon a society fated to do poorly. Mr. East's mannerly measures of reform will probably be more successful. This year a more rigorous judgment on the part of the Selection Committee has given the walls an inviting aspect that has been long absent; however, we find but little talent that is new, and that which is familiar brings no fresh fruits to Suffolk Street.

The new President's two landscapes, "Dawn and Daylight" and "Evening on the Cotswolds," are as beautiful as anything he has exhibited. And if Mr. East's work has lost the charm of novelty, let us blame our own inconstancy rather than his work. It is the same as that which certainly used to be more welcome while it was less familiar. Pie on the quality of our admirations! We are consistent at least in the matter of Mr. East's predecessor, of whose works there is a memorial exhibition in one of the "British Artists' rooms. Sir Wyke Bayliss's cathedral interiors in oils and water-colours never did more than make us regret that such inspiring themes should be dealt with in so dull a spirit. Mr. Foottet's "The Accused" is in some ways the most interesting canvas of the exhibition; Mr. J. D. Fergusson has been industriously mentioned in these columns, for his work always impresses by its cleverness, and as consistently scolded for the lack

of care in his methods; a Herkomer portrait is not distinguished even in Suffolk Street, and Mr. Wynford Dewhurst's landscapes, for all the signals they make that they would be taken for the work of a convinced

can leave in its hasty track a wonderful record of the colour and the atmosphere of the country. Mr. Rich's method is so clean that it naturally suggests the most vivid effects in nature, such as the countryside in sun after

a torrent of summer rain. But Mr. Rich does not paint only the landscape that sparkles: in "Warwick Castle" and "On the Adur" and in some half of the drawings, we find the sparkle; but in "A Wiltshire Road," "Plumpton Place," and "A Downs Farm," our artist has constrained his brilliant brush, and shown himself master of a gloomy as well as a glowing landscape. There are other water-colourists of real distinction with us at this moment, but they may be counted on the fingers of the hands, and they do no more than keep alive our faith in this particular branch of painting. Mr. Rich sets going the pulse of enthusiasm to a fast and steady rhythm; but it wavers, falters, and faints after the ordeal of visiting a few exhibitions of average water-colours.

The Modern Gallery has no very excellent picture in the Autumn Exhibition, or, if one lurks among the three hundred contributors, we must confess we did not note it. But we observed with more or less pleasure Miss McCausland's "Bretonnes," Mr. Noble's

"A-hunting We will Go," Mr. Tristram Ellis's "Spitzbergen Whalers" and "Nice, from the Château," Mr. Samuel Reid's "Crevasse," Mr. Bottomley's "Farmyard," and Mr. E. F. Wells's "Tea in the Hayfield."

No reaction has cooled the tercentenary ardour for Rembrandt; the master yet holds his pride of place



GIANT WATER-LILIES FLOWERING IN THE OPEN AIR IN EUROPE: THE VICTORIA REGIA.

It is very seldom that the Victoria Regia blooms in the open air in Europe, but the plant has lately blossomed in the gardens of Count Lanza de Mazzarini near Palermo. No artificial heat was used. We are obliged to Count Lanza de Mazzarini for the photograph.

impressionist, lack many qualities that the greatness of Monet has made essential to this style of painting.

Most invigorating fare is provided at the Carfax Gallery: Mr. Rich's water-colours, swift washes of brilliant paint, are exhilarating. He has the brush, plied with clean colour, that, darting hither and thither,

**ODOL KEEPS THE TEETH WHITE,**  
clean and beautiful, it renders the mouth deliciously fresh and fragrant; imparts a general feeling of delight to the operations of the toilet, and is unrivalled by any other preparation. For these reasons people who have once used it are sure to continue doing so.

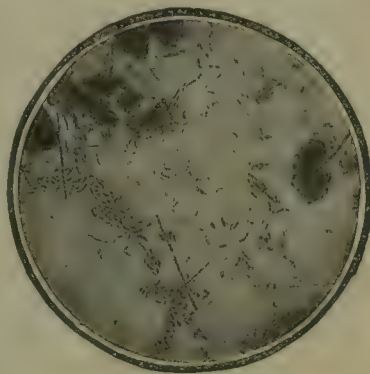


When one thinks of the fact that not millions but milliards of microbes and bacteria—of which this actual photograph of a minute drop of tooth moisture forms a specimen—are living in a neglected mouth, it seems nothing less than disgusting to allow such destruction to continue in our mouths and teeth.

It is simply incredible that there still exist many educated people who refuse to realise that it is an absolute necessity not only for the preservation of teeth, but also for the general health, to take regular care of the mouth and teeth.

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that clears  
To-day of past regrets, and  
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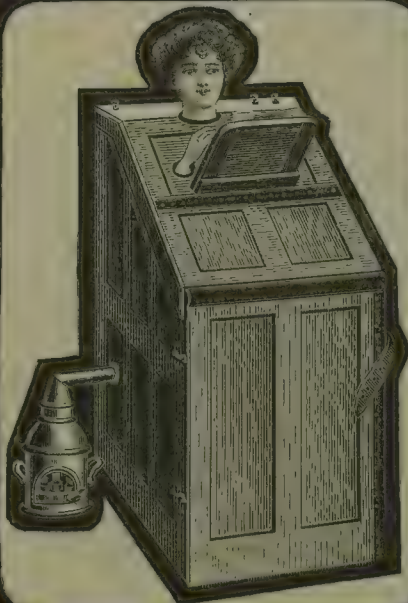
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among painters in the world's affections, and the exhibition of reproductions from his works at the rooms of the Fine Art Society was well conceived. Rembrandt reproduces as no other artist reproduces; the etchings and photographs which form this exhibition take one on a tour of all Europe's galleries. Here are "The Girl at the Window" from Dulwich (how few Londoners have made pilgrimage to that elusive but richly endowed suburb!), the "Mother" from the Hermitage, "The Jewish Bride," from the Ryks Museum; "Sophonisba" from the Prado; and treasures from Vienna and the Hague and many private collections.

The plates at the Fine Art Society's rooms are reputed admirable by collectors who have not the veritable effect of the original much at heart. Many are etchings of value, in the money sense, but worthless as interpretations of Rembrandt. The Jewish Rabbi has lost his pathos and the marvellous beauty of his aged head in Waltner's etching from the National Gallery picture. Much truer, and so almost necessarily much finer, is the photographic reproduction of the same picture.



QUEEN ANNE'S BIRTHPLACE FOR SALE: YORK HOUSE, TWICKENHAM.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOLAK.

In York House Queen Anne is said by some authorities to have been born, but the "Dictionary of National Biography" gives St. James's Palace as the place. York House was once the property of the Earl of Clarendon, whose daughter Anne the Duke of York (afterwards James II.), married clandestinely.

And we found pleasure in the many photographs, while we were cold before the etchings. Who can resist the camera's version of the gorgeous head-gear and decrepit face of the Berlin portrait of "Rembrandt's Brother with a Helmet"? This almost perfect reproduction, free from the usual fault of over emphasis in the darks, is made by Scheltema. W. M.

Miss Marie Corelli will contribute to the November number of the *Rapid Review* an article upon the *Times* Book Club and its methods. She entitles it "The Mouse-Trap," in allusion to Hamlet's jest about the play.

A curiosity in giant postcards has been issued by Quaker Oats. The firm, in order to demonstrate the thoroughness of its autumn advertising scheme, sent to practically all the wholesale and retail grocers in England and Wales this huge postal reminder decorated with reproductions of the title-heads of all the greatest newspapers used by Quaker Oats for advertising. This represented a total circulation of 20,000,000.

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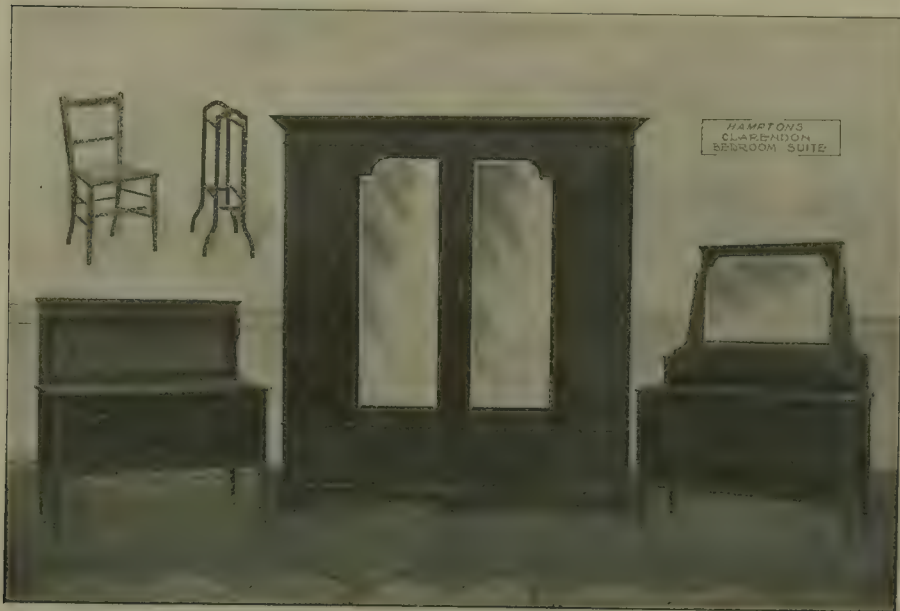
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## LADIES' PAGES.

CONGRATULATIONS are many to the young Queen of Spain on attaining her nineteenth birthday. This age is touchingly little to be placed in a position of such responsibility, but it is always more easy for a very young person than for an older one to adapt life to novel surroundings, and the youthful Sovereign has the precedent of her grandfather and grandmother in filling a throne well before the ordinary young person has ceased to consider life as chiefly play. Queen Victoria, of course, was but eighteen when she became Queen Regnant, and her husband was still under twenty-one when he was made her Consort. It is interesting to note that the descendants of that distinguished marriage are seated on many thrones in the present, and more in immediate prospective. During the last two years no fewer than three additions have been made to the list of the late Queen's descendants who either now do or one day probably will wear crowns as Queens Consort namely, the youthful Queen of Spain, the Queen of Norway, and Princess Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden. The throne of Germany is, and those of Russia, Greece, and Roumania, as well as of various German Duchies, will in course of time be, occupied by descendants of our great and good Queen.

Queen Victoria was accomplished in many ways, as well as being a great stateswoman, a good mother, and a splendid judge of character. It was astonishing that in her busy life she found time to cultivate the arts, but she did so with considerable success. The present Duchess of Rutland, who as Lady Granby made an enviable reputation for her artistic talents without in the least encroaching on the ground of professionalism, boasts as one of her choicest treasures a capital portrait-sketch of herself, refined and graceful, done by Queen Victoria. Lady Granby allowed this to be shown, together with a collection of her own charming portraits of female contemporaries, in the exhibition called "Fair Women" held at the Grafton Gallery some few years ago. The sketch of the Duchess by the late Queen bears the inscription in the corner, "V.R., 1877, del. from Nature, Balmoral." The late Queen's abilities in this direction, and also in music and needlework, were gained by untiring industry, by never wasting a moment of her life. One of her early teachers in art used to tell an interesting story of her perseverance and unaffected desire to improve. She was complaining to him that, as she was going to Buckingham Palace, she would have no subjects for her sketches from Nature. "Why not paint chimney-pots, Ma'am?" suggested the painter, meaning that common objects would suffice for a study. But to his amusement, when he next went to give his lesson, his royal pupil presented him with an excellent sketch of chimney-pots.

The London County Council is petitioning to have the number of its members increased, and at the same time



## HOW FUR COATS ARE TRIMMED.

1. A coat of caracul trimmed with bands of braid, and finished with a waistcoat of ermine; large enamel buttons.
2. Mink coat, with braid frogs to fasten it, and collar covered with guipure lace.

for women to be qualified to offer themselves for direct election to the County Council. Every member of the late London School Board knew well beforehand that it was impossible for the County Council as it stands to manage properly the schools of the Metropolis. Every authority, including all the living ex-Chairmen of the London School Board, without distinction of political views, remonstrated against depriving the public of the services in public education of the lady elected members, which was one result of removing the schools from the care of a body to which women were eligible for election to that of another body to which it had been legally declared that women could not be elected. It is a mystery to me why the admission of women to render such unpaid public service is spoken of as "women's rights." It is the public service that loses by the arbitrary exclusion of capable women from doing the unpaid work that our representative system demands. There are not too many, but too few, clever and disinterested persons to be found ready for the freely given labours that representative government implies, and to cut off women from election is wilfully to make a scarcity greater than needs must be. It is specially in School Board work that women are required, but the County Councils also have a variety of other matters under their care that women are needed to attend to. On the first L.C.C. three ladies were elected—the late Lady Sandhurst, Mrs. Cobden Unwin (one of the late Richard Cobden's daughters), and Miss Cons, and the services that they were able to render to public interests, during the time that elapsed before their election was declared illegal, were such that the County Council has ever since periodically petitioned the Government of the day to pass a Bill to make women undoubtedly eligible for election. This request has been without avail, as anything concerning women's public life is pretty certain to be; and it will be interesting to see if the new petition of the County Council to the fresh Ministry will meet with more attention than the older ones. In any case, it is the public that suffers by the non-eligibility to serve of women.

The National Union of Women Workers has held its annual meeting this year at Tunbridge Wells, and has again, as usual, proved that great crowds of women are willing and anxious to hear speeches on serious subjects from other women, and that a great assemblage of our sex can be conducted by themselves with due attention to Parliamentary rules and with absolute peacefulness. Certainly the most remarkable occasion, considering the benevolent and somewhat conventional and "churchy" nature of the membership of the Union, was the Woman's Suffrage afternoon. Two thousand women filled the theatre, under Mrs. Fawcett's presidency, and of the numerous speakers only two deprecated, while the meeting warmly and enthusiastically applauded, the "Suffragist Martyrs" who are doing two months in Holloway for calling out for votes for women in the Lobby and outside the House of Commons. Miss Elizabeth Robins, the well-known novelist, said she knew these ladies, and "they are ladies in every sense of the word," and she

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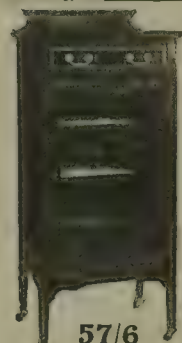
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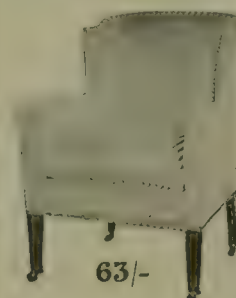
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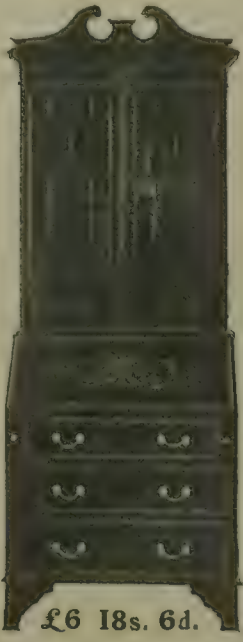
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was commissioned to convey the Union's sympathy to "our friends in prison."

The discussion on domestic service was the most interesting topic, because the most practical one that was introduced. There was not, however, any particularly illuminating notion presented. There was much talk as to promoting the happiness of the servant by sympathising with her private affairs, and some of the speakers gave a sort of counsel of despair in saying that the future of domestic work must be, so to speak, organised on factory lines—that is to say, our domestic workers must come in the morning and go out at night to sleep where they wish, and keep what company they please after the hours of labour are accomplished. Well, we may come to this, but it will be destructive of the comfort of the home, especially where young children exist, for they need both early school breakfasts and somebody in charge of them in the late evenings. One speaker did read a paper urging that the difficulty that at present exists in this direction could be best coped with by offering better opportunities for training to domestic workers, rather than by trying to make them happy in our own ways; and that mistresses as well as maids need such training. This was, I think, the correct line of thought. Every individual must make his own private happiness, and we best help our maids to do this by giving the best wages and the utmost leisure that we can afford, and then leaving them alone with their own private affairs, their own individuality. But for anybody doing skilled labour to be happy, she must in the first instance be capable and fully trained, then the work is in itself a certain enjoyment. Servants who give constant cause for dissatisfaction to their mistresses are thereby themselves rendered discontented and wretched; and our present no-system of training for domestic work, with the consequent incapacity of the worker, is largely responsible, it seems to me, for the present suffering on both sides of the contract. If the National Union of Women Workers would "work" in this direction of providing training and an outfit for girls of the poorer classes, who now drift into factory life simply because they have no chance, when they must begin to earn a living, of getting taught and fitted out for domestic labour, that would probably turn out a "Woman Workers'" enterprise to be truly thankful for in days to come.

I know that I have said this before, dear friend my regular reader, but must I not say it again now and then till some millionaire or some really sensible body of women see to it? Another point that I have mentioned again and again has been very largely attended to lately—whether I am entitled to some, at any rate, of the credit, nobody knows—journalism is like that song of which Longfellow wrote, that was sung into the air, and long after was "found again from beginning to end, stored away in the heart of a friend." This matter is the propriety of wealthy persons making by their wills some provision for servants who have given faithful work to a



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White cloth relieved by collar and cuff trimmings of black velvet, and by stitched bands of the cloth, forms a simple but stylish walking gown for a fine autumn day.

family. One of the objections that are rationally made to this employment is that the wages are so much paid in kind that the money return, from which alone savings can be put aside, is too small to allow of the making of due provision for the future. Even if it becomes a general custom for persons whose heirs can well do without a few hundreds to bequeath something to old servants, the lucky ones who obtain this help for declining years must always be in the minority; but this same fact applies to many attractive professions—the prizes are only for the few, but a young person can always hope that he may be one of those fortunate individuals. So every man or woman whose heirs can do without a fraction of the wealth that can never be taken away from this world, should leave even a little of it to a good servant, and in this bequest not only does a plain act of duty to the deserving recipient, but helps to solve the servant problem. The instances that lie before me in my to-day's paper as I write are all of gifts by male testators, but ladies also have lately been frequently on the list. This list of one day records Mr. Briscoe, of Wolverhampton, leaving nearly £7000 to present and former servants; Mr. Hichens, of Guildford, leaving an annuity of £60 to one and £40 to another person who had been many years in his service, and smaller sums down to others in his employ; Mr. Lindsay, of Newbury, providing an annuity of £100 a year for his father's old servant, Mary Jane, and smaller sums down to all the rest of his domestic and outdoor workers; and Mr. Holt, of Lancashire, giving £100 to his gardener. Good examples to follow!

Great variety is found in the colours that are well worn this autumn. The newest shades, which are already popular, are tones of reddish violet and purple, called "mulberry," and either "Burgundy" or simply "wine-colour." They are very rich colours, eminently suitable for the cold weather, that is so slow in arriving, but that must come very shortly. Velvet is the best trimming for face-cloth dresses in these colours, and bands of ribbon velvet round the skirt suffice for the entire decoration. On the corsage, velvet of the same shade is used in accordance with the design. If a bolero be chosen, the deep belt under it, and perhaps a narrow vest or an edging all round it, are also of velvet. Or if a fitting bodice is preferred, velvet trimming is used as revers, graduating to the waist; or else a yoke of velvet tops a full bodice. Down its edges, if bands of it are employed, are frequently placed fancy galons and richly embroidered passementeries. The well-chosen but varied tints that are specially associated with Indian workers are often used in such a situation with good effect, as the mulberry and wine tones, whether in velvet or cloth, are not in themselves showy and can bear lightening up with brighter reds and with touches of gold. Bead-embroideries in which gold predominates are effectively employed also, and in some instances a good result is obtained by using shaped motifs cut out in velvet and embroidered with small but very bright gold and coloured beads. FILOMENA.

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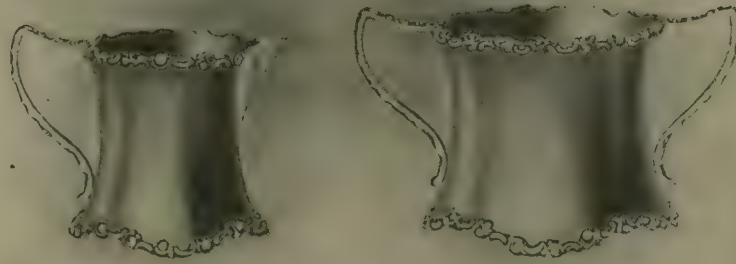
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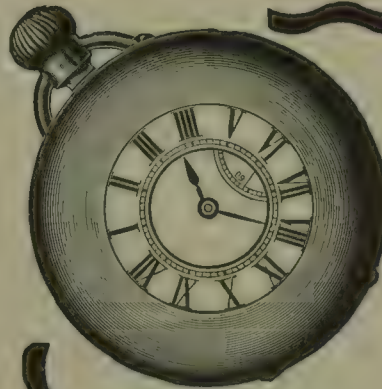
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## MUSIC.

## THE OPERA—CONCERTS.

"**ADRIANA LECOUVREUR**" has stood the test of revival very well. The public has responded in heartiest fashion to the clever orchestral devices and the rather over-sweet melodies of M. Cilea, and if the opera is not to be heard very often it will, at least, be very welcome at long intervals. Cilea is indebted to certain modern composers, notably Puccini; but he has a very charming sense of melody, that is almost feminine in its delicacy, and from time to time he presents in happiest fashion the suggestion of rapid movement, of social flutter, of light and thoughtless intrigue. The interpretation of his work has been very happy. Madame Giachetti's Adriana was beautifully acted and sung with a valuable measure of restraint, while Madame de Cisneros, whose first appearance this season was not, we thought, a successful one, seemed in Cilea's opera to recover all her old charm and to use her voice with the accustomed skill that was lacking for once when she sang the Amneris music. It goes without saying that Sammarco's Michonnet was most convincing, for in Sammarco we have an artist whose instinct seems to guard him from undertaking rôles in which he might not succeed. He is never ineffective; he never sings badly; he never fails to express in an opera at least as much as the librettist and the musician between them have put there. Zenatello, as the Count de Saxe, left little to be desired in the matter of his singing, but dramatically the part is not one that finds him at his best. In the present week, too late for review here, "**La Traviata**" has been revived and redressed, while

"**Fédora**" has been billed for the first time at Covent Garden Opera-house. Of the last-named production we hope to write next week. It has been received favourably upon the Continent, and the story is, of course, dramatic enough to make the

Holbrooke's new work for orchestra and chorus, "**The Bells**"; the next is Mr. Percy Pitt's "**Sinfonietta**" in G minor. Mr. Holbrooke has added a new and interesting Symphony to the list of his published music; it is written as a tribute to certain masters whose work has inspired the various movements, and it has been well received by the critical Queen's Hall audience, to whom the extreme cleverness of the musician's work, even in its least inspired moments, was apparent. Clearly, Mr. Joseph Holbrooke is a composer to be reckoned with, even though his musical methods fall harshly upon the ear of those to whom music is associated inevitably with melody.

Herr Paul Kochansky, who gave a recital at the Æolian Hall on Friday night, is a young Polish violinist, who received high honours from the Conservatoire at Warsaw. He is an exceedingly skilful performer, with sound methods, and a very large measure of control over his instrument, but at present, however, he lacks the deeper musical insight that only the years can bring him. Should he acquire this, the crowning gift of the musician, he will claim a place among the leading violinists of the day.

The Queen's Hall Symphony Concerts begin to-day (Nov. 3), when Señor Sarasate will be the bright particular star, and Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony will be heard. Lady Hallé will play on Nov. 17, and M. Raoul Pugno on Dec. 1. Madame Kirkby Lunn is giving a recital at the Bechstein Hall on the same afternoon. Mr. Percy Pitt will play the accompaniments,

and the programme which ranges from the seventeenth-century songs of Carissimi and Scarlatti to the latter-day work of Hamilton Harty and Strauss is most happily chosen. It is a tribute to the great artist's capacity for singing in English, French, German, and Italian.



THE BANQUETING-ROOM IN CARDIFF NEW TOWN HALL.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TAYLOR.

On another page we give a general view of the splendid new municipal buildings at Cardiff, which were opened by the Marquess of Bute on October 29.

fortune of a composer who has a quick instinct for the stage.

London is hearing for the first time this week two compositions that attracted considerable attention at the Birmingham Festival. The first is Mr. Joseph

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## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

DR. KIRKPATRICK, the new Dean of Ely, had a very distinguished career at Cambridge, and at the age of thirty-three was elected to the Regius Professorship of Hebrew, which carried with it a residentiary canonry at Ely. He is one of the first Old Testament scholars in the country, and his commentaries on the Psalms are especially valuable. He is general editor for the Old Testament and Apocrypha in the Cambridge Bible for Schools.

Dr. Stanton, Ely Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, will be the preacher at the consecration of the Bishop-elect of Truro at the Abbey on St. Andrew's Day. Dr. Stanton has for many years been an intimate personal friend of the new Bishop.

Funds for the restoration of Selby Abbey are being generously promised. Mr. James Marshall, of Regent's Park, has given £500. It is proposed to organise a general scheme, to be submitted to a county committee. The building was insured for £10,000, with



THE MOTOR AND DRAYS OF A GREAT BREWING COMPANY.

Messrs. Worthington and Co. (Limited), of Burton, are exulting in the fact that their business is advancing by leaps and bounds. Recently they entertained a number of friends to luncheon at the Hotel Cecil, and this was the theme of general congratulation. Mr. Frederic Gothard, director of the company, proved a genial and eloquent chairman. He was able to assert that the consumption of their ales during the past year considerably exceeded that of any similar period in their history, and this phenomenal success they ascribed entirely to the quality of their products. The history referred to is not by any means recent. Messrs. Worthington claim to be the first firm that established the brewing industry in Burton in 1744—one hundred and sixty-two years ago.

£1000 extra for the organ. The treasurer of the restoration fund is Mr. W. Heap, of Selby.

The Hampstead Mission, which closed on Tuesday, was in every way successful, and the meetings were largely attended. Mr. A. W. Robinson, Vicar of All Hallows, Barking, was the missionary at the Parish Church, and Canon Atherton was at Christ Church. The Bishop of London's opening address to the missionaries made a deep impression.

Hexham Abbey has proved too small for the requirements of the growing town, and a new nave is to be erected at a cost of £22,000. Of this sum no less than £15,000 was contributed by the late Mr. Thomas Spencer. The designs for the nave have been approved by eminent architects, and the Chancellor (Mr. A. B. Kempe) decreed a faculty for building at the recent Consistory Court.

A series of midday services, open to men and women, will be held on Tuesdays at St. Paul's Church, Covent Garden. The Bishop of Winchester was the preacher this week. It is hoped that women and girls who are engaged in

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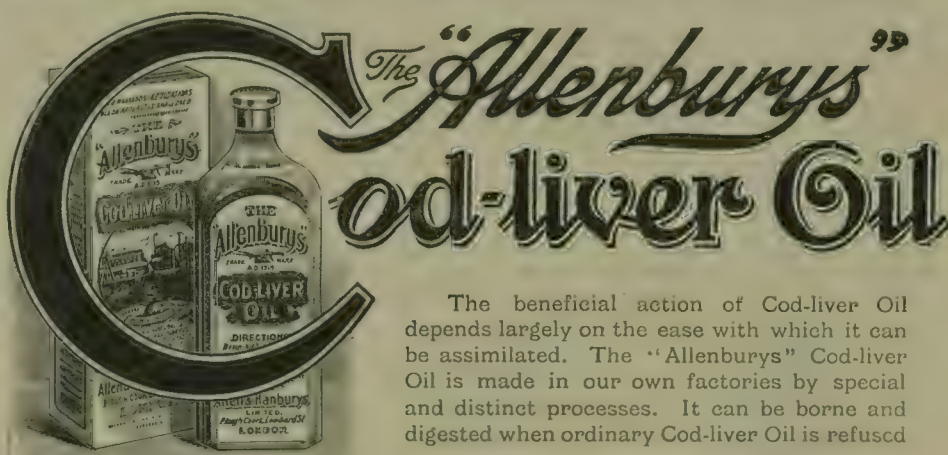
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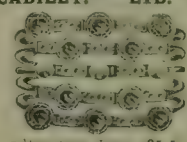
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New Pattern Diamond Earrings, mounted in Platinum, for pierced or unpierced Ears. £21. Largest and most Original Stock of Earrings in London.



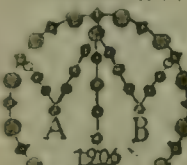
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First Quality Diamonds £31 10s. Other sizes from £5 5s.



Ruby, Diamond and Pearl Bridesmaid's Brooch, £8 8s. Also forms Pendant, Turquoise and Pearl, £4 4s.

**6, GRAND HOTEL BUILDINGS, TRAFALGAR SQ., LONDON, W.C.**





"Pynozone Soap" possesses  
a truly delightful fragrance

### WHAT SOAP DO YOU USE?

This article proves the importance of the subject, introduces you to the one perfect soap for toilet, bath, nursery and shampooing, and offers a Handsome Present to induce you to try it and convince yourself of its virtues.

There are more varieties of soap on the market than there are days in the year, and as many of the soaps that are offered are injurious to the skin, it is certain that the public will be glad to receive some guidance in the selection of a soap, and to hear of one suitable for all the needs of the toilet, bath, nursery and shampoo. It must be remembered that the true test of a soap is not its colour, shape, scent, or the prettiness of the box in which it is enclosed, but its purity, wholesomeness, and beneficial influence upon the hair and skin. It is not at all difficult to manufacture a thoroughly bad soap, saturate it with a strong scent, tint it nicely and put into a dainty box and sell it as a toilet soap, whilst all the time it may be utterly mischievous to the complexion of those who use it. Readers are therefore strongly advised to carefully consider the soap they are using, and make quite sure that they have made a wise choice and that they are using the very best possible. Even supposing it does cost a few pence more in the course of the year to use a soap that keeps your skin healthy, fresh, and beautiful, surely it is worth so trifling an additional cost for so great and genuine an advantage.

#### A truly delightful soap

This is a true description of "Pynozone Soap." It makes the skin so deliciously clean and cool, and there is such a refreshing sense of personal cleanliness after its use that those who have once experienced the luxury of a "Pynozone" bath would not willingly use any other. This is also true of the toilet and shampoo, and as a nursery soap "Pynozone Soap" is just perfection. It cannot hurt the dainty skin of a sweet-faced baby, but will enhance its beauty and add to its charm, and wise

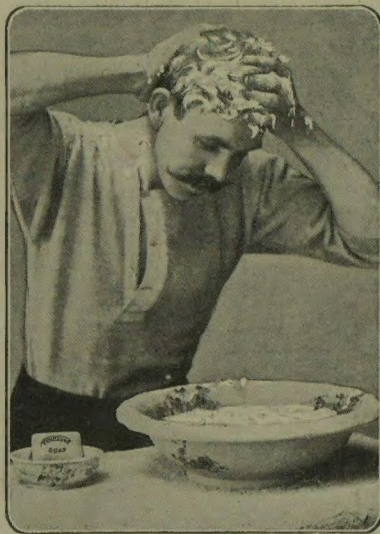
mothers nowadays give instructions that no other soap than "Pynozone" is to be used in the nursery.

Many people are satisfied with soap that merely cleanses the surface of the skin and they do not realise that such soap is only doing half its work. What is the use of taking off surface dirt if fine dust, soot and other impurity is stopping up the pores, and thus rendering proper skin breathing impossible, thus producing ill-health of the skin and a bad complexion? Let the pores of your skin be always open, and keep them free from dust, dirt, impurity, and you will have taken an important step towards skin health and beauty. One of the distinguishing features of "Pynozone Soap" is its pore-cleansing properties, and its power of preventing spots, pimples, blackheads, and other such disfigurement, and hence it is so valuable as an aid to a beautiful complexion.

It should also be remembered that in "Pynozone Soap" you have the very last word in scientific soap manufacture. The highest skill has been applied to making "Pynozone Soap" the perfection of soap, and the materials of which it is composed are of absolute purity. You have in "Pynozone Soap" no haphazard compound, but a scientifically made soap, of which every constituent is chemically pure, and this is one of the reasons why it is receiving so wide-spread an acceptance.

#### The fragrant Pine Forest

To many people the word holiday or vacation at once suggests a mental picture of a pine forest. There seems



"Pynozone Soap" is the best soap  
for a shampoo.

something so restful and refreshing about the tall, straight, soaring trunks of the pine-trees, which somehow suggest great organ pipes, and as the wind blows through the trees laden with the perfume of the firs it refreshes and gives new life to those who are wearied, tired, and in need of the caresses of "Nature, that dear old nurse." This delicate fragrance with its sweet, soothing influence and antiseptic power is embodied in "Pynozone Soap," which is pure as the pines. "Pynozone Soap" gives health and tone to the skin, is a most pleasant soap to use, and consequently it is becoming daily more popular with the

Public who readily recognise when they have an article offered to them which possesses unique virtues.

Everyone is agreed as to prevention being better than cure, but the practical application of this great truth to the affairs of everyday life is frequently ignored. It is not much use to discuss why people go bald as there are only two points of real importance. The first of these questions is as to the best way to cure baldness, and as regards this point it would be idle to pretend that "Pynozone Soap" is a cure for the condition, but the makers do claim that its use will in many cases prevent baldness, by keeping the scalp healthy and free from scurf and dandruff. If every man who reads this article would make a point of having a shampoo once a week with "Pynozone Soap," and if every lady would do the same thing once a fortnight there would be far more people with silky, glossy hair and a healthy scalp, and far fewer bald heads to be seen than is at present the case. Nothing is more delightful than a shampoo with "Pynozone Soap." It makes a beautiful pine-scented lather, which gives tone to the scalp and beauty to the hair.



"Pynozone Soap" is the best complexion  
soap I have ever used.

#### A Special Offer—Will you accept it?

"Pynozone Soap" is supplied by all Chemists, Drug Stores, and all branches of Boots, Cash Chemists, in tablets at 6d., or 3 in a box for 1/6. If your chemist is out of stock he will be pleased to procure it for you.

The makers want all who read this to try "Pynozone Soap" and make a special offer to induce them to do so. As a means of introducing it to the British public they are prepared to supply a sixpenny tablet post free in return for a sixpenny postal order, and to enclose it in a handsome tortoiseshell box decorated with gold. They make no charge whatever for this pretty and useful little present; it is a Free Gift, and the greater the number of those who avail themselves of their offer the better they will be pleased; but they cannot say how much longer this gift scheme will continue. The safest way, if you desire it, is to mention the "Illustrated London News," and write immediately to the Pynozone Company, Castle Road, London, N.W.

Specially  
made for  
those  
who cannot  
take ordinary  
Cocoa.

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IS NOT AN ORDINARY COCOA.

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Does not require Sugar or Milk. Only Hot Water is needed.  
Made from Pure Rich Country Milk, and Specially Prepared Cocoa.  
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Full  
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Absolutely  
Reliable  
Timekeepers.

£5 5s.

Average  
Height  
13 inches

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business in the neighbourhood will appreciate the opportunity of attending these short services, which last winter were open to men only.

Principal Rainy has sailed for Australia, and will be absent from Scotland for about a year. Before leaving, he learned with satisfaction that the United Free Church is to retain her three colleges, and also the Assembly Hall in Edinburgh. The offices of the Church are to be handed over to the "Legal Frees," with a sum of £3000 for furnishing and equipment, and an income of £3000 a year for college expenses.

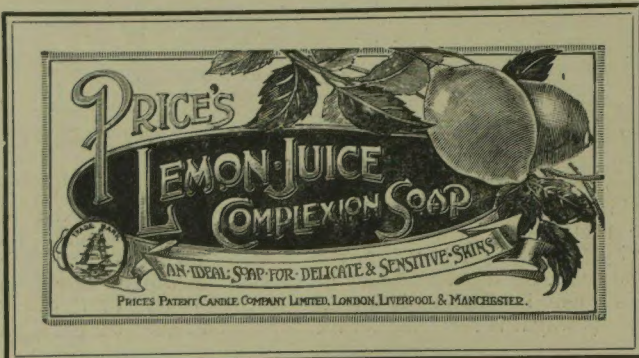
Archdeacon Sinclair's ministrations have long been very acceptable in the prisons of London. On the Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity he visited Pentonville, and preached to between eight and nine hundred of the convicts. V.

Amongst the most effective of the novelties in toilet soaps introduced this season there are two which may be accorded front rank by reason of their attractive appearance and pleasant perfume, as well as by the absolute purity of their component parts. These are the "Lemon-Juice" and "Yule-tide" Complexion Soaps made by Price's Patent Candle Company, Limited. The former soap combines the cleansing properties of a toilet soap of guaranteed purity with the refreshing and fragrant properties of the essential oil of lemon.

Under the title "Pullman and Perfection," the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway have issued an illustrated pamphlet giving particulars of their special trains to the South Coast and the Continent. Travellers will find in the pamphlet all they want to know about times of arrival and departure, refreshment-cars, and steam-boat connections on the company's luxurious route.

## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

THE will (dated April 25, 1892) of MR. WILLIAM DAVISON BARNETT, of Radnor House, 26, Peckham Road, whose death took place on Aug. 26, was proved on Oct. 22 by Albert Wynne Waring, the value of the property being £50,329. The testator bequeaths



£500 each to the National Lifeboat Institution, the Surrey Association for the Welfare of the Blind Endowment Fund, the Warehousemen and Clerks' Schools, the Linen and Woollen Drapers' Institution, and the Camberwell and Dulwich Pension Society; £500 each to Annie Digance, Margaret Metcalfe, Eliza Metcalfe, and Martha Moth; and a few small legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to the Painter Stainers' Company, they paying £52 a year to his cousin Jane Eleanor Brooke, £10 a year to the churchwardens of St. Peter's, Redcar, for the poor, providing a livery dinner on his birthday, May 6, and

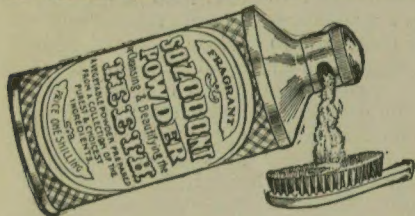
keeping in repair the monuments of himself and Thomas Davison Barnett.

The will (dated July 30, 1903) of MR. GEORGE BAZETT COLVIN LEVERSON, of 18, Queensberry Place, South Kensington, and of Messrs. Pittar, Leverson, and Co., Queen Victoria Street, who died on Sept. 30, was proved on Oct. 22 by Colonel Julian John Leverson, C.M.G., and David Harry Leverson, the sons, the value of the estate being sworn at £228,525. The testator gives £10,000 to his son Julian John; £12,000, in trust, for his son Ernest David; £1000, in trust, for his son Benjamin James; £1000 each to his grandchildren Violet Lutetia Leverson and Basil Leverson; £1000 and 10,000 dollars Bond of the Steel Trust, in trust, for his granddaughter Amy Henrietta Leverson; £3000, in trust, for his grandson George Francis Leverson; £200 to each of his four daughters-in-law; and a few other legacies. Three tenths of the residue he leaves to his son David Harry; two tenths each to his sons Julian John, Benjamin James, and George Francis; and one tenth to his son Ernest David; he paying £300 a year to his uncle, Dr. Montagu Leverson.

The will (dated May 6, 1905) of MR. CLAUDE BAGGALLAY, K.C., of Wilderwick, East Grinstead, who died on July 13, was proved on Oct. 18 by Mrs. Mabel Anne Baggallay, the widow, Sydney William Phipson Beale, and William Ernest Hollams, the value of the estate being £47,672. The testator gives £30,000, in trust, for his wife while she remains his widow, and subject thereto, in equal shares, to his children; £150 each to his executors, Mr. Beale and Mr. Hollams; and the residue of his property to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated Aug. 3, 1906) of MR. ARTHUR BRISCOE, of Vale Head, Wightwick, Tettenhall, Stafford, who died on Aug. 16, has been proved by William Arthur Briscoe and George Briscoe, the nephews, and John Fletcher Twemlow Roysds, the value of the estate

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**ZARA**  
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**OLDEST AND  
MOST FAMOUS**

Ask for this Brand  
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and be satisfied  
with NO OTHER.



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A NAUTILUS FIRE-PLACE will cure the trouble and give you more heat with less consumption of fuel.

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The late Earl of Beaconsfield,

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The purest spirit distilled for human consumption. Admirable as a pick-me-up, tonic or digestive. As a beverage it combines happily with aerated waters. And, in addition, WOLFE'S SCHNAPPS has well-known medicinal virtues, notably in the case of delicate women.

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### Rowland's Macassar Oil

#### "For Your Hair."

This preparation has been used for over 120 years—it has proved its value time and time again. Do not try experimental remedies on your hair—get a bottle of Rowland's Macassar Oil. Prices 3/6, 7/- & 10/6 at your chemists. Rowland & Sons 67, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.

Also sold in a  
GOLDEN COLOUR  
for Fair or Grey Hair.

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The promptness of its preparation, its low price, and its high quality make it far superior to any chocolate or cocoa.

The ordinary powder cocoa, which is deprived of its cocoa butter, is not nutritive, but the "G.B." Soluble Chocolate is nutritive because none of its butter has been removed from it.

Moreover, it is highly digestive, because the process of its manufacture is perfectly natural.

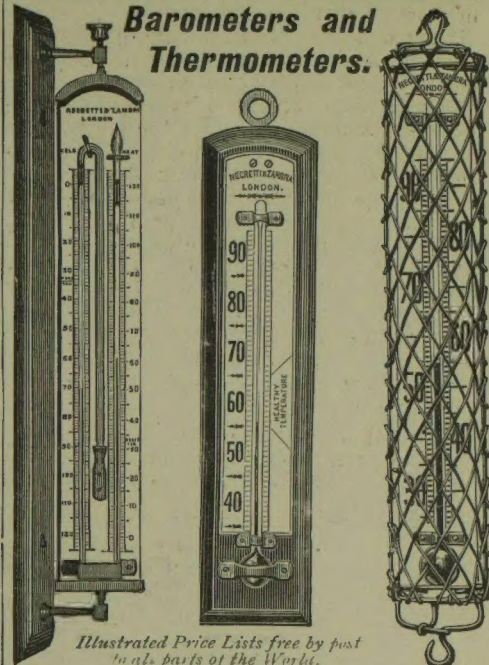
## "G.B."

THE  
**SOLUBLE CHOCOLATE** (Patented). Prepared by  
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## NEGRETTI & ZAMBRA'S

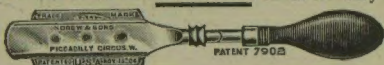
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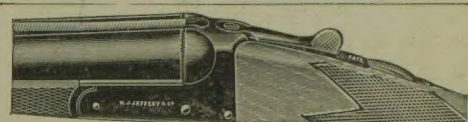
38, HOLBORN VIADUCT, E.C. BRANCHES: 45, CORNHILL; 122, REGENT STREET.

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**THE GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR**  
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HAMMERLESS GUNS are the best value obtainable.

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before your time unless you wish to live. As a race we are living longer than did our grandfathers; but yet not so long as we ought to do, or could do if we acted aright. To let one's self die before one's time is tantamount to committing suicide. It is usually put down to the "rush of modern life," which is only a familiar excuse, not the reason, for dying young. Is it too much to say nothing worries the healthy man, and work never killed anybody? The ordinary man could be a healthy man and live longer if he wished; and, what is more important, he could really live every day of a longer life; that is, be always physically fit and keen for work or play. To know what life is let him take

# BEECHAM'S PILLS

he will rarely be ill. Thousands let themselves die every year because they don't know how to live. They let themselves "slide" until they are actually, perhaps incurably, ill, and put it down to "business cares," and the "worry of life." In most cases it is due to not having the common sense to draw a safe line. Attend promptly to every little ill, and be sure "business" will never kill. Nature always lets a man know as he goes along. A Headache, Constipation and like warnings, are red lamps along the line. Disregard them and the end is disaster; proceed cautiously and the running is both safe and smooth, and may be rapid. BEECHAM'S PILLS are the best medicine if you feel out of sorts. They maintain your vitality at highest business pitch. With their help you can work hard, live strenuous days and yet long days. In a word, they

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being £380,778. The testator gives all his real estate, the contents of his two residences, and £25,000 to his nephew, William Arthur Briscoe; £30,000, in trust, for his niece, Mary Constance Giffard; £10,000 to his niece, Mrs. Geraldine Bell; £4000 to his nephew, Robert Herbert Briscoe Bolton; £7000 each to the daughters of his brother Walter; £33,000 to the children of his sister Emily Platt; £3000 to David Ellis; £2500 to Arthur Forester Walker; and many other legacies to friends and servants. He also gives £5000 to Dr. Barnardo's Homes; £2500 to the Evangelisation Society; £2000 to the Cancer Hospital (Brompton); £2000 each to the Wolverhampton Eye Institution, the Wolverhampton and Staffordshire General Hospital, and the Wolverhampton and District Hospital for Women; £1500 to the Midland Counties Home for Incurables; and £1000 to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. The residue of his property he leaves to his nephew, George Briscoe, and the daughters of his brother Richard Holt Briscoe.

The will (dated Sept. 14, 1904) of MR. ANDREW KINSMAN HICHENS, of Monkshatch, Compton, near Guildford, 27, Chester Street, and 25, Austin Friars, who


died on Sept. 27, was proved on Oct. 20 by Mrs. Mary Emily Hichens, the widow, and James Bryn Hichens, the nephew, the value of the estate amounting to £115,893. The testator gives the Monkshatch property, or the proceeds of the sale thereof, to his wife for life and then to his nephew, James Bryn Hichens; £10,000 to his brother, John Knill Jope Hichens; £1000, the household effects, and the residue of his real property to his wife; £100 each to William T. Ansell, Charles Brent, and H. H. S. Pyne; and legacies to clerks and servants. One-fourth of the residue he leaves to his wife absolutely and the income for life from the remaining three-fourths. Subject thereto one-fourth is to go to his nephew, James Bryn Hichens, and two-fourths to his brother and sisters, or the issue of such of them as shall have died.

The will (dated Dec. 28, 1880), with a codicil, of MR. JAMES WILLING, of 60, Upper Park Road, Hampstead, founder of the advertising firm of Willing and Co., Limited, who died on Aug. 24, was proved on Oct. 13 by William James Spooner, James Willing, the son, Philip Willing Tibbs, and Maria Louisa Willing, the daughter, the value of the fortune being £132,516.

The testator gives his residence and furniture to his daughters Maria Louisa and Eugene Theresa; £200 to his niece Annie Lakeman; £100 to his wife; £150 to Elizabeth Le Sage; £100 each to Richard Hill, Joseph Potter, and Henry Lamb; £200 each to his executors; and a few small legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to his children, James Willing, Rebecca Ann Wingrave, Jessie Denton, Maria Louisa Willing, and Eugene Theresa Willing.


The will (dated June 25, 1902) of MR. GEORGE WILLIAM JOHN REPTON, for many years M.P. for Warwick, of 29, Curzon Street, Mayfair, who died on June 30, was proved on Oct. 15 by Guy George Repton, the son, Lord George Fitzgerald, and Charles Walsham How, the value of the estate being £208,189. The testator gives to his son various jewels and trinkets formerly belonging to his late wife, Lady Jane Seymour Repton; to Lady Eva Sarah Louisa Dugdale £2000; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property, he leaves in trust for his son for life, and then an annuity of £500 is to be paid to his widow, and the ultimate residue in trust for his two grandsons, George John Seymour and Guy Walter.

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